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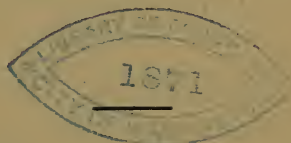


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GRAMMAR

SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK;

FOR

NORMAL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS,
AND FAMILIES.



WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH & CO.

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PRACTICAL AND POPULAR SCHOOL AND FAMILY
HYMN BOOKS.

- I. PRIMARY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.
- II. GRAMMAR SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.
- III. HIGH SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS collection, made at the suggestion of an experienced teacher, is designed to accompany the devotional exercises of schools; it may also be used as a reading-book of religious poetry. To comply strictly with the statute of the Commonwealth, forbidding the introduction "of any book favoring the tenets of any sect of Christians into the public schools," many excellent hymns have been omitted, and slight changes, not otherwise justifiable, made in a few of those inserted. One familiar tune, with others not so well known, but equally or more appropriate, is named for each hymn. Should this collection meet with a favorable reception, a tune-book specially adapted to it may be hereafter published.

BOSTON, *July 1st*, 1850.

WE have examined with some care this collection of hymns, and consider it well adapted to be used in our district and other schools, from the variety of the hymns, from their religious character, and from their freedom from sectarianism.

N. TILLINGHAST,

Principal of State Normal School at Bridgewater.

D. S. ROWE,

Principal of State Normal School at Westfield

EBEN S. STEARNS,

Principal of State Normal School at West Newton

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| 4. Anheim. | 24. Cyprus. |
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| 7. Arfau. | 27. Duke Street. |
| 8. Arah. | 28. Eaton. |
| 9. Bonnie Doon | 29. Effingham. |
| 10. Belville. | 30. Ellenthorpe. |
| 11. Blendon. | 31. Evening Hymn. |
| 12. Bowen. | 32. Federal St. |
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| 14. Brighton. | 34. Glasgow. |
| 15. Broomfield. | 35. Hamburg. |
| 16. Brentford. | 36. Hebron. |
| 17. Calvin | 37. Hingham (6 l.). |
| 18. Ceahas. | 38. Illa. |
| 19. Castle Street. | 39. Ipswich. |
| 20. Chapel Street. | 40. Islington. |

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| 42. Luton. | 66. Ryland. |
| 43. Luther's Chant. | 67. Slade. |
| 44. Marion. | 68. Sterling. |
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| 46. Medway. | 70. Shoel. |
| 47. Mendon. | 71. Stonefield. |
| 48. Migdol. | 72. St. Peter's. |
| 49. Missionary Chant. | 73. St. George's. |
| 50. Monmouth. | 74. St. Helen's. |
| 51. Morning Hymn. | 75. Summer. |
| 52. Munich. | 76. Surry. |
| 53. Nazareth. | 77. Tallis' Evening Hymn |
| 54. Nantwich. | 78. Temple Chant. |
| 55. Newcourt (6 l.). | 79. Truro. |
| 56. Old Hundred. | 80. Uxbridge. |
| 57. Orford. | 81. Waltham (6 l.). |
| 58. Orland. | 82. Ward. |
| 59. Park Street. | 83. Wayne. |
| 60. Pilesgrove. | 84. Winchester. |
| 61. Portugal. | 85. Wells. |
| 62. Priscilla. | 86. Welton. |
| 63. Quito. | 87. Yoakley (6 l.). |
| 64. Rothwell. | |

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|--------------------------|-----------------------|
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| 89. Aithlone (C. P. M.). | 94. Arlington. |
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| 91. Antioch. | 96. Arundel. |
| 92. Archdale (double). | 97. Auld Lang Syne. |

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| 99. Bangor (minor). | 130. Heber (double). |
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| 101. Bedford (minor). | 132. Hiram. |
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| 104. Brattle Street. | 135. Invitation. |
| 105. Broomsgrove. | 136. Irish. |
| 106. Cambridge. | 137. Hermon. |
| 107. Chesterfield. | 138. Jordan. |
| 108. Christmas. | 139. Judah. |
| 109. Clapton. | 140. Kendall. |
| 110. Clarendon. | 141. Lanesboro. |
| 111. Colchester. | 142. Lebanon. |
| 112. Conway. | 143. Litchfield. |
| 113. Coronation. | 144. London. |
| 114. Coventry. | 145. Mear. |
| 115. Dedham. | 146. Medfield. |
| 116. Devises. | 147. Melody. |
| 117. Devotion. | 148. Meriden. |
| 118. Dorchester. | 149. Marlow. |
| 119. Dundee. | 150. Martyrdom (minor) |
| 120. Dungeness (double). | 151. Manchester. |
| 121. Elgin (minor). | 152. Meribah (C. P. M.). |
| 122. Farnaham (double). | 153. Moreh (double). |
| 123. Ferry. | 154. Naomi. |
| 124. Fletcher. | 155. Newton. |
| 125. Flora. | 156. Nichols. |
| 126. Funeral Thought | 157. Patmos. |
| 127. Great Milton (double). | 158. Peterboro. |
| 128. Happiness. | 159. Piety. |

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|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 160. Poland. | 172. Tunbridge. |
| 161. Princeton. | 173. Walsall. |
| 162. Rapture (C. P. M.). | 174. Wareham. |
| 163. Rochester. | 175. Warwick. |
| 164. Sinai. | 176. Westford. |
| 165. Stephens. | 177. Westmoreland (doub |
| 166. St. Ann's. | 178. Windsor. |
| 167. St. John's. | 179. Winter. |
| 168. St. Martin's. | 180. Woodstock. |
| 169. Swanwick. | 181. York. |
| 170. Tallis' Chant. | 182. Ydolem. |
| 171. Tolland. | 183. Zerah. |

SHORT METRE.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 184. Allenza (double). | 201. Lisbon. |
| 185. Asbury. | 202. Maitland. |
| 186. Aylesbury (minor). | 203. Mornington. |
| 187. Athol. | 204. Mount Ephraim. |
| 188. Boylston. | 205. Owen. |
| 189. Calmar. | 206. Olmutz. |
| 190. Clapton. | 207. Olney. |
| 191. Dartmouth | 208. Paddington. |
| 192. Dimon. | 209. Pelham (double). |
| 193. Dover. | 210. Peltonville. |
| 194. Elysium. | 211. Seir. |
| 195. Fairfield. | 212. Silver Street. |
| 196. Gerar. | 213. Shawmut. |
| 197. Harrison. | 214. Shirland. |
| 198. Haverhill. | 215. Southfield. |
| 199. Hudson. | 216. Sunbury (minor). |
| 200. Kambia (minor). | 217. St. Thomas. |

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| 218. Thatcher. | 220. Watchman. |
| 219. Utica. | 221. Westminster. |

7 S. METRE.

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|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 222. Alcester. | 233. Morning. |
| 223. Alsen. | 234. Nuremburg. |
| 224. Benevento. | 235. Onido (double). |
| 225. Berlin. | 236. Palmer (6 l.). |
| 226. Dresden. | 237. Pilton. |
| 227. Edyfield. | 238. Pleyel's Hymn. |
| 228. Eltham. | 239. Rosefield. |
| 229. Eton (double). | 240. Rotterdam. |
| 230. Eventide. | 241. Sabbath (6 l.). |
| 231. Hamburg. | 242. Stella. |
| 232. Hotham (double). | 243. Turin (6 l.). |

8 & 7 S. METRE.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 244. Greece. | 250. Tamworth. |
| 245. Greenville. | 251. Vesper Hymn. |
| 246. Mount Vernon. | 252. Westborough (6 l.) |
| 247. Orion. | 253. Wilmot. |
| 248. Sicilian Hymn. | 254. Worthing. |
| 249. Smyrna. | |

6 & 4 S. METRE.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 255. America. | 259. Serug. |
| 256. Dort. | 260. Swanton. |
| 257. Italian Hymn. | 261. Uhden (peculiar). |
| 258. Knott. | |

HALLELUJAH METRE.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 262. Bethesda. | 263. Beza. |
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|-----------------|---------------|
| 264. Claremont. | 268. Murray. |
| 265. Darwell. | 269. Newbury. |
| 266. Haddam. | 270. Triumph. |
| 267. Lischer. | |

8 S. METRE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 271. Goshen. | 275. Springtide. |
| 272. Northfield. | 276. Timna. |
| 273. Northampton (doub.). | 277. Waitland. |
| 274. Spring. | 278. Wilworth. |

7 & 5 S. METRE.

279. Studley.

10 S. METRE.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 280. Divine Inspiration, or | 282. Savannah. |
| Dr. Johnson's Hymn. | 283. Whitby. |
| 281. Havre. | |

11 S. METRE.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 284. Hinton. | 287. Scotland. |
| 285. Portuguese Hymn. | 288. St. Dennis. |
| 286. Prescott. | |

10 & 11 S. METRE.

289. Lyons.

11 & 10 S. METRE.

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|--------------|--------------|
| 290. Folsom. | 291. Olivia. |
|--------------|--------------|

11 & 8 S. METRE.

292. Bentley.

LIST OF TUNES.

iii

8 & 11 S. METRE.

293. Dwight.

6 S. METRE.

294. Alps.

296. Kensington.

295. Hebron (by slurring some notes).

297. Oporto.

8, 7, & 4 S. METRE.

298. Amsterdam.

302. Greece.

299. Brest.

303. Oliphant.

300. Dismission Hymn.

304. Sicily.

301. Helmsley.

305. Zion.

8 & 4 S. METRE.

306. Arton.

308. Lorton.

307. Carter.

309. Wayland.

PARTICULAR METRE.

310. Groton (Come let us

311. Home.

anew).

312. Pilgrim Fathers

7 & 6 S. METRE.

313. Amsterdam.

317. Yarmouth.

314. Clarence.

318. Zera.

315. Evarts.

319. Zuar.

316. Missionary Hymn.

SHORT PARTICULAR METRE.

320. Dalston.

7 & 8 S. METRE.

321. New Hampshire.

ADDITIONAL.

322. Long Metre. — "Helam."
323. "Flow on, thou shining river."
324. "Blue-eyed Mary."
325. Particular Metre. — "Happy Land."
326. Sacred Lyrist, p. 78. Modern Harp, p. 228.
327. 5, 7, & 4 s. metre. — "Hague."
328. Social Choir, p. 70. — "Better Land."
329. "Zerah" (see 183), lengthening last line.
330. Com. School Sing. Book. — "Cheerily," p. 62
331. "Oft in the stilly night."
332. "Frederick."
333. Common Metre. — "Dalmatia."
334. "Chant." — Sacred Lyrist, p. 62.
335. "O, dear is my cottage."
336. "Syria." — From the "Choir," with some abbreviations.

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THE
SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.

I. COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF
SCHOOL.

1. 7 s. M. 6 l. J. TAYLOR.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

1 GLORY be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky.
Peace on earth to man forgiven !
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
Glory be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong.
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
Power, no empire can withstand ,
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

- 4 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.
Glory be, &c.

2.

7 s. M.

GASKELL.

Doxology.

- 1 FATHER ! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see !
Glory for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night !
- 2 Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the dreary tomb !
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven !

3.

7 s. M.

T. GRAY, JR.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest ;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

- 3 Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith, and holy love.

4.

C. M.

DRENNAN

God may be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds, unknown ,
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

5.

7 s. M.

Humble Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored ;
Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Then on high we 'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

- 3 Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.

6.

6 & 4 s. M.

Solemn Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King !
Help us thy name to sing ;
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !
- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend !
- 3 Never from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart
Hence evermore !
Thy sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL

7.

C. M.

Peace be unto this House.

- 1 HERE let thy peace, O Father, rest !
Here let thy love abide !
Our every joy in thee more blest,
Each sorrow sanctified.
- 2 May our petitions when we meet,
And every secret prayer,
Come up before thy mercy-seat,
And find acceptance there.
- 3 Teach us, with hearts made one in love,
To do thy pure commands ;
And give us, in thy time, above,
A house not made with hands.

8.

8 & 7 s. M.

The Peace of God.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come, and all our hearts control !
Come, almighty to deliver !
Naught shall make us then afraid ;
We will trust in thee for ever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed !

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

9.

7 & 6 s. M.

GASKELL

Ascription.

- 1 To THEE, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live ;
- 2 Whose goodness, never failing,
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

10.

6 & 4 s. M.

- 1 GLAD hearts to thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
Father above !
Creation praises thee,
On all around we see
Tokens of love.
- 2 Giver of all our powers !
Now, in life's morning hours,
May they be thine !
Pure and from error free,
An offering worthy thee,
Father Divine !

11.

11, 7, & 6 s. M.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, sound the grateful strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again :
Here we stand ! here we stand !

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Who at home has wished to stay ?
Who has loitered by the way ?
Whom, upon this radiant day,
Do we miss from our band ?

- 2 Joyfully, joyfully, sound the grateful strain
Happily, happily, now we meet again :
All are here ! all are here !
All who love the morning's prime,
All who truly value time.
So we 'll sound the grateful chime,
All are here ! all are here !

12. 7 & 6 s. M.

- 1 WE come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring ;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love ;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercies from above.

- 2 Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near ;
O Father ! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here :
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

3 Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise ;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, for ever,
Shall be our only guide ;
From duty's path we'd never,
O, never ! turn aside.

13. 8 & 7 s. M.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, our Heavenly Father !
Meet and bless our school, we pray ;
As in humble trust we gather,
Teachers, scholars, here to-day,
Every joy and every blessing
From thy bounteous hand we own ;
May thy love, our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.
- 2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray ;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.
Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee ;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

14. 8 & 7 s. M. S. F. ADAMS.

At Parting.

- 1 PART in peace ! Is day before us ?
Praise His name for life and light :

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless His care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace ! Such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

15.

L. M.

WATTS.

Ascription.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

16.

7 S. M.

J. NEWTON.

Hymn at Parting.

1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 4 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 5 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

17. 8 & 7 s., or 8, 7, & 4 s. M. BURDER

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O, refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

18.

L. M.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 FATHER, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only Friend.
- 2 Since every day and hour that 's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned,
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
For ever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone ;
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

19.

L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Heavenly Guardian.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend !
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine !
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies !

20.

8, 7, & 4 s. M.

- 1 Good night ! good night ! to all good night !
 Good night ! the time is fleeting !
 How have our hearts beat with delight,
 At this our happy meeting !
 Thus may we wake, with bosoms light,
 Unclouded by a sorrow,
 From dreams of all we love to-night,
 To pleasant hours to-morrow !
 And while we sleep,
 May angels keep
 Their watch around our pillow !
Good night ! good night ! to all good night !
- 2 Good night ! good night ! to all good night !
 O, let each heart, addressing
 The God of peace, and love, and light,
 Now supplicate his blessing !
 Pure as the dew unseen ascends
 In morning's sunny hour,
 Pure as the spotless lily bends
 To heaven her vestal flower, —
 So purely there
 Let the child's prayer
 Rise to the same good Power !
Good night ! good night ! to all good night !

21.

5, 7, & 4 s. M.

- 1 HEAR thy children's cry ;
 Shield us, Lord, from harm ;
 Safely we rely
 On thy mighty arm :

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Thou art God alone ;
Those who seek a Father's face
Thou wilt bless, and they shall own
A Father's grace.

2 May our faith and love
With our years increase ;
Let us never rove
From the paths of peace ;
But through life display
Holy deeds and actions pure,
That, when life has passed away,
Bliss may be sure.

22.

7 s. M.

- 1 TEACHERS, children, ere we part
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore
There, released from toil and pain,
There may we all meet again.

23.

8 & 7 s. M.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day ;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

- 2 Have we wandered ? O, forgive us !
Have we wished from truth to rove ?
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love !

24.

7 & 6 s. M.

- 1 We all love one another,
We all love one another,
We all love one another ;
And we all love, beside,
Our fathers and our mothers,
Our sisters and our brothers ;
And we forget not others,
Who seek our steps to guide.
- 2 We love our school and teachers,
We love our school and teachers,
We love our school and teachers ;
Here truth and love we learn ;
We rise in prayer together,
We sing our hymns together,
We go away together,
Together we 'll return.

II. MORNING AND EVENING.

25.

L. M.

KENN

A Morning Invocation.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord, I to thee my vows renew ;
Dispel my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

26.

7 s. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

27.

L. M.

PIERPONT

For a Child.

- 1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye :
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

28.

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Prayer at Morning.

To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

29.

8 & 11 s. M.

Praise in the Morning.

- 1 OUR Father! we thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed:
O, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day?
- 2 Our voices shall utter thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with thy love;
O, teach us to walk in thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above!
The heart's true affection is all we can give;
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live!
- 3 So long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve thee by day;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve thee the more.

30.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE

Morning Hymn.

- 1 LORD of my life! O, may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours !

- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 4 O, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend !
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ,
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

31.

L. M.

WATTS.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep the heavenly way.

32.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Acknowledging God's Hand.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'T is thine, my God,— the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine, my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling place.

33.

C. M.

WATTS

Morning Song.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

34.

C. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 MY God, thou mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has been consumed in vain.

35.

8 & 7 s. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 WHEN the joyous day is dawning,
And the happy light we see,
We who live in life's pure morning,
Father, would remember thee.
- 2 While in quiet we were sleeping,
Kindly, though we knew it not,
Thou a guardian watch wert keeping ;
Never is thy child forgot.
- 3 Now another day is given,
With thy love, may it be blest ;
May we think of thee and heaven,
Of that purer, better rest.

36.

C. M.

WATTS.

Worship.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

37

L. M.

HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !

38.

C. M.

STEELE

Gratitude and Supplication.

- 1 God of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise :
Thine acts of love 't is good to sing,
And pleasant 't is to praise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm.
To see the morning light.

3 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend ;
From every danger, every snare.
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

39.

C. M.

Goodness of God.

1 DELIGHTFUL is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our Heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.

2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But, O, how great his love !

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind ;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart,
To heal the wounded mind.

MORNING AND EVENING.

4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food ;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the task, O Lord !
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

40.

7 & 6 s. M.

The Rising Sun.

1 THE eastern hills are glowing
With morning's purple ray ;
Arrayed in light, he 's coming,
The glorious orb of day !

2 All hail ! thou constant emblem
Of Him who dwells above, —
Of Him so great and glorious,
And yet so full of love !

3 How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new !
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.

4 How good is He who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day !
With grateful hearts we 'll praise Him,
In morning's earliest ray.

MORNING AND EVENING.

41.

6 s. M

Morning Prayer.

- 1 FATHER ! thy children see ;
Give ear unto our prayer ;
Let our thanks rise to thee
Upon the morning air.
- 2 We come while yet the flower
Of life but half is blown ;
To pray its opening hour
May bloom for thee alone.
- 3 The dew is on the leaf,
We lay it on thy shrine ;
O, may the fragrant breath
Of the sweet rose be thine !
- 4 O, guard it by thy care,
That, as the day draws on,
No spot nor stain may mar
The purity of morn !
- 5 O, not upon its bud
Be mercy poured in vain ;
But may thy blessed word
Fall like the gentle rain !

42.

L. M.

KEBLE.

The New Gifts of Morning.

- 1 O, TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !

MORNING AND EVENING.

Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wak'ning and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleams of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

43.

11 & 8 s. M.

Morning Devotion.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! when the day is dawning
Then will I pay my vows to thee ;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning
My heart-felt praise to thee shall be.
- 2 Yes, thou art near me sleeping or waking —
Still doth thy love unchanged remain ;
Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O, gently lead me back again.

MORNING AND EVENING.

44.

C. M.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn ;
Again my waking eyes uncloze,
To view the smiling morn.
- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I 'll sing ;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.
- 3 Glory to thee, Eternal Lord !
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.
- 4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will ;
Each deed the precepts of thy word,
With pious aim, fulfil.
- 5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant guardian prove ;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love !

45.

C. M.

ST. AMBROSE

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,

MORNING AND EVENING.

That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our every road.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

46.

7 s. M.

FURNES

Morning Hymn.

1 IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine !

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee.
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears !
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend !

47.

L. M. 6 l.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 O THOU ! who bidd'st the cheerful ray
Spring from the east to light the day,
For thee thy emblem's brightest blaze
Shall kindle oft the glow of praise ;
Thou Sun of suns ! with beam divine
Fill every soul. Arise, and shine !
- 2 Parent of all ! I mark thy skill
In grove and lawn, in vale and hill ;
Thou dost the orient skies adorn,
When blushes deck the encrimsoned morn ;
Each lovely object that we see
Speaks, in mute eloquence, of thee.
- 3 Nor less I trace thy matchless power
In insect's wing or tiny flower,
Than in the orbs, that, rolling high,
Bespangle the clear evening sky ; —
Thou kenn'st the falling sparrow's place,
And worlds' which wheel in boundless space.
- 4 Then raise, my soul, the exalting lay :
Hail to thy light, advancing day !
Thus may the song of praise ascend,
While dawning beams their radiance lend ;
'Till, death's last night-shades all withdrawn,
My spirit greets the eternal morn.

48.

L. M. 6 l.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 God ! on this lovely autumn morn
I with thy world again am born !
Raised up from slumber's breathing death,
I feel thy blissful, heavenly breath
Flow round me in the vital air,
Thy breath, my Father, everywhere.
- 2 Again thy sun smiles forth, — again
Thou liftest on the earth and men
The light of thy benignant face :
Thy finger and thy form I trace,
O God of Light and Life and Love,
In lines of grace, below, above.
- 3 Mysterious One ! the kindling sight
Awakes me to a loftier light,
The Sun of Righteousness, that brings
Heaven's healing breeze upon its wings.
Though nature tells of winter near,
No winter of the heart I fear.
- 4 Though fields grow brown, and bleak, and bare
Beneath the cold and cheerless air,
And earth turn stiff, and inland streams
Smile cold like stone at noon's cold beams, —
I lift my eyes, and lo ! on high
Spring sparkles in the pure, blue sky.
- 5 O for a tongue thy name to praise,
Beginning, Blessing, of my days !
Who to thy thankless child hast given
Such glimpses of the spirit's heaven, —
Where night is not, — wherein the ray
Of every star is endless day !

MORNING AND EVENING.

49.

L. M.

BOWRING

Evening Worship.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light !
How shall we all thy love declare !
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —
That heaven so bright with stars and suns, —
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.
- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity !
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity !
- 3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain ;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light !
Help us thy boundless love declare ;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

50.

8 & 7 s. M.

FLINT.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,

- Borne like incense up to heaven, —
Nature's evening sacrifice.
- 2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be —
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending —
Incense of our hearts to thee.
- 3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless !
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.
- 4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.
- 5 Lord ! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee, feel thee, near !

51.

8 & 7 s. M. 6 l.

KELLY

An Evening Offering.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Soon are we to seek our rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Father, thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

MORNING AND EVENING

52.

7 & 6 s. M.

Reflections at Sunset.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west ;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close ;
May angels round me singing
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.

53.

L. M.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

A Psalm of Night.

- 1 DAY unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy voice makes known ;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone ;
And worlds beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached the human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity.
- 2 O Holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of the evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

54.

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Prayer at Evening.

To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

55.

7 s. M.

Communion with God.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soor for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

56.

P. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 HARK ! 't is the breeze of twilight, calling
Earth's weary children to repose ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

While, round the couch of nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.

2 Guard us, O Thou, who never sleepest ;
Thou who in silence, throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied keepest
Thy watch of glory, power, and love.

57.

P. M.

HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

58.

C. M.

BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn ;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

MORNING AND EVENING.

2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love ;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above ;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore ;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar ; —

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours ;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Her earliest, loveliest flowers ;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given ;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st ; and what is man
Before thy presence, God ?
A breath but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod.
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

59.

11 s. M.

Even-Song.

1 BE near us, O Father ! through night's silent
hour ;
Impart to our slumbers thy calmness divine ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

Drop rest on our limbs like the dew on the
flower,

That even our still sleep may have something
of thine.

2 O. watch o'er our couch ; drive the tempter
away ;

From the sins that corrupt and betray, keep
us free ;

That nor fancy shall wander, nor passion shall
stray,

And we dream not a thought that 's displeas-
ing to thee.

3 And grant, when deep sleep o'er our senses
shall close,

That the heart may still watch, all unclouded
and clear ;

Guard, guard still thy children, and bless the
repose

That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear.

4 Then still to thee, Father, our praises we pay ;

Still to thee we will offer love's infinite store ;

Send down thy pure spirit, even now while we
pray ;

Be with us, and keep us, and bless, evermore !

60.

L. M.

WORDSWORTH.

Sunset Hymn.

1 Up to the throne of God is borne

The voice of praise at early morn,

And he accepts the reverent hymn

Sung as the light of day grows dim.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Look up to heaven ! the obedient sun
Already through his course hath run ;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 3 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
- 4 Help with thy grace, through all life's day
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink into our rest.

61.

7 S. M.

ST. GREGORY

Evening Hymn.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry !
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 4 Rather help them still to rise
Where our dearest treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life !

62.

C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O, let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne !
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er ;
At length, to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

63.

7 S. M. DODDRIDGE varied

Evening Hymn.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! gracious name !
Night and day thy love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot !
- 2 Thou, my ever bounteous God !
Crown'st my days with various good.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

3 What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee !

64.

C. M.

BARTON.

A Child's Evening Prayer.

1 BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer ,
And deign a helpless child to keep
By thy protecting care.

2 The little birds, that sing all day,
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

3 And when at night they cease to sing,
By thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing
Secure from every ill.

4 Thus wilt thou guard, with gracious arm,
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep thy child from every harm
Beneath thy watchful eye.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 5 For night and day to thee are one, —
The helpless are thy care ;
And we are sure, through thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st an infant prayer.

65.

C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

A Child's Evening Hymn.

- 1 How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !
- 2 And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !
- 3 And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far ?
Glow's there a light within this breast,
Outshining every star ?
- 4 Yes, should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.
- 5 This is the soul that God has given ; —
Sin may its lustre dim,
While goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

66.

L. M.

COLLYER.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year ;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
 To join the fugitives before ;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day, whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul !
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

67.

L. M.

H. S. ELLENWOOD.

Evening Prayer.

- 1 MY God ! to thee, in humble prayer,
 At morn and eve I bend my knee ;
 For thou, with kind, protecting care,
 Through all my life hast guarded me.

MORNING AND EVENING.

2 Now, when again the shades of night
O'er every beauteous scene are spread,
Thy aid I seek, thou Lord of light,
To keep each danger from my bed.

3 How have I spent the day that 's past ?
In holy deeds, or actions vain ?
O, what if this shall prove my last,
And I no morning greet again ?

4 Assist me, then, to do thy will,
And teach me every fault to shun ;
So, while my duties I fulfil,
Forgive what I would wish undone.

68.

L. M.

H. S. ELLENWOOD.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! whose holy care
Has kindly kept me through the day,
To thee I pour the grateful prayer,
To thee address my evening lay.
- 2 Thou dwell'st enthroned in realms of light,
'Midst spirits pure and angels blest ;
Thy presence knows no shadowy night,
Thy guest, unwearied, needs no rest.
- 3 Yet, while thy children, here below,
Sink to repose and seem to die,
Wilt thou parental care bestow
And watch them with thy wakeful eye !
- 4 Yes ! I may well confide in thee,
Thou Source whence all my comfort springs,

MORNING AND EVENING.

By day, by night, resigned to be
Beneath the shadow of thy wings !

☞ when the cheerful morning beam
Shall burst in brilliance from the east,
Awake me, Power and Love supreme !
With love and gratitude increased.

69.

7 s. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 LORD of glory ! King of power !
In the lone and silent hour,
While the shades of darkness rise,
And the eve is on the skies,
And the twilight's glances set,
And the starry watch has met,
Be thy blessing as the dews
Which yon shaded skies diffuse.

2 Poured with healing influence
O'er the fast relaxing sense,
Bid our feverish passions cease,
Calm us with thy promised peace,
And thy guardian presence spread
Round each undefended head,
Till the fire of morning burn,
Till the wheel of light return.

3 Grant that at our being's close,
When the long and last repose
Blends us with the kindred dust,
Firm on thee may be our trust,

MORNING AND EVENING.

And our hopes, with dread unmixed,
On the Rock of Ages fixed,
Till the Sun of Truth, ascending,
Wakes a morn which knows no ending.

70.

C. M.

Self-examination at Evening.

- 1 ANOTHER day of life is gone ,
A doubtful few remain ;
Review, my soul, what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.
- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away ?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day ?
- 3 This day what conquests hast thou gained :
What sin is overcome ?
What fresh degree of grace obtained,
To bring thee nearer home ?
- 4 Thus every day thy course review,
Thy real state to learn ;
And with renewèd zeal pursue
Thy great, thy chief concern.

71.

5 & 4 s. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Evening Supplication.

- 1 GREAT Source of being,
Father all-seeing !

MORNING AND EVENING.

We bow before thee :
Our souls adore thee :
Guide us aright :
Keep us, we pray thee,
Through the long night.

- 2 Thou kind, forgiving
God of all living,
Thy power defend us,
Thy peace attend us,
While we are closing
This day in prayer,
Ever reposing
Under thy care.

72.

7 s. M.

Evening Prayer.

- 1 THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2 Father ! fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full, and free,
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.
- 3 Heavenly Father ! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill ;
Cheerful, as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

MORNING AND EVENING.

73.

7 s. M. 6 l.

Evening Song.

- 1 GENTLY in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest ;
Earth is hushed to soft repose,
While the sky in splendor glows.
Gently in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest.
- 2 Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease,
As yon gorgeous western sun,
When his daily course is run.
Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease.
- 3 And when sets life's latest sun,
And our course of years is run,
Earth we'll leave in peace and love,
Finding glory there above.
May we feel when sets life's sun
That our work has been well done.

74.

8 & 7 s. M.

. VEDDER

Morning and Evening.

- 1 WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell ;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel ,
And the sunflower eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove ; —
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is Love.

MORNING AND EVENING.

2 When the vesper-star is beaming
In the coronet of even,
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven ;
When a thousand notes are blending
In the forest and the grove ; —
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is Love.

3 When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west,
Brightly spangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest ;
When the milky-way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above ; —
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is Love.

75.

L. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 FATHER, we bless the gentle care
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way : —
We bless thee for the tender love,
That mingles all our hearts in one, —
The music of the soul ; — above
'T is purer spirits' unison.
- 2 Father, 't is evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on thee ;
Darkly the storm may round us lower, —
Peace is within, — truth makes us free, —

MORNING AND EVENING.

And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke. — we sing no more, —
O may we meet and sing on high!

III. PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

76.

C. M.

H. WARE, JR.

For God's Presence.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God.
- 3 Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown ;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown.
- 4 O Father ! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In thine almighty name.

77.

L. M. 61.

Seeking Peace.

- 1 O FATHER ! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in thy dear love ;

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to thy throne.

- 2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth thy will,
And seeth thee, and so is still ;
And, fixed on thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm.
- 3 Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone from thee !
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In thy deep peace for ever blest.

78.

11 & 10 s. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

Prayer for Strength.

- 1 FATHER, to us, thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name ; —
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and
will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and
fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

79.

11 s. M.

Acquaint thee with God.

- 1 ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
road,
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round
thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are
abroad, —
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

80.

7 s. M.

Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 GUIDE us, Lord, while, hand in hand,
Journeying toward the better land ;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast ;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.
- 2 Guide us while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined ;
That, when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

With the strength which thou hast given,
We may rise to thee and heaven.

- 3 God of mercy ! on thee all
Humbly for thy guidance call ;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee.
God of grace ! on thee we rest ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

81.

L. M 61.

GERMAN

The Child of God.

- 1 NONE loves me, Father, with thy love ;
None else can meet such needs as mine ;
O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of thine !
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.
- 2 Give me a faith shall never fail, —
One that shall always work by love ;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in thee to live.
- 3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,
And, when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine, —
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patie it heart, create in me !

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

82.

L. M.

MRS. COTTERILL

Subjection to the Divine Will.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

83.

6 & 10 s. M.

JONES VERY.

Desires for God's Presence.

- 1 WILT thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.
- 2 Wilt thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

3 Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain
 Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
 As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

S4.

C. M.

MERRICK.

Acquiescence.

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee ;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide ;
O, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good unasked, O Father, grant ,
The ill, though asked, deny.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

85.

8 & 7 s. M.

Divine Love.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

86.

10 s. M.

DR. JOHNSON.

Imploring Divine Light.

1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds pre
sides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we
tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

87.

7, 6, & 8 s. M.

Wisdom in the Use of Time implored.

- 1 THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.
- 2 The poison or the nectar
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.
- 3 And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne, —
The tale is told in heaven.
- 4 And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away ;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No magic powers can stay.
- 5 So teach me, Heavenly Father !
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

88.

C. M.

MILMAN

Praying for Divine Help.

- 1 O, HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

89.

L. M.

DRYDEN.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

- 1 O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

90.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom : — Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

91.

C. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Invoking God's Aid

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer ;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.
- 3 O, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown ;
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

92.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Father of our Spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their Father rise ;
His power how vast ! his thoughts how wise

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 3 O, may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love.

93.

P. M.

“Thy will be done.”

- 1 “THY will be done !” In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
“Thy will be done !”
- 2 “Thy will be done !” If o’er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine, —
“Thy will be done !”
- 3 “Thy will be done !” Though shrouded o’er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours ; — to breathe, while we adore,
“Thy will be done !”

94.

P. M

J. TAYLOR

Encouragement to pray.

- 1 I SAW the glorious sun arise
From yonder mountain gray ;
And as he travelled through the skies,
The darkness fled away ;
And all around me was so bright,
I wished it would be always light.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the shady sky.
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon and every twinkling star?
- 3 God made the sun that blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
And all the stars that fill the sky
Are made and ruled by him ;
And yet a child may ask his care,
And call upon his name in prayer.

95.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur, and their praise,
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life, to obey thy will.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS. .

- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

96.

L. M.

H. MOORE.

Preservation from Sin implored.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
With all its cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray
To guide us in the doubtful way ;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach us the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each noble principle impart ; —
That faith that sanctifies the heart,
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is honest, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant zeal pursue,
That may we love and practise too.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 6 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride
Allure our wandering souls aside ;
Nor tempt us from the narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.

97.

L. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend !
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin,
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within !
- 5 Search, gracious God ! my inmost heart ;
From guilt and error set me free ;
Thy light, and truth, and peace, impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

98.

7 s. M.

J. TAYLOR

Love to God and Man.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race !
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy haunts of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind
Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

99.

C. M.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.

3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee, —
If thy pure spirit touch the breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that spirit warm each heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above !

100.

L. M. 61.

H. WARE, JR.

Prayer for the right Use of Trial.

1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;
I see its merciful intent
To warn me back to thy control,
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

2 The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities :
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
And let thy peace abound in me ;
That I may trust myself no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine !

101.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood.
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No ; let me bless thy name, and say,
“ The Lord is gracious still.”

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

102.

C. M.

Aspiration.

1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam,
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
Nor shadows dim her way.

2 So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air
To hold my course to thee ;
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

103.

6 & 5 S. M.

MRS. S. J. FALE.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name !
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same !
O, give to us daily
Our portion of bread ;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe :
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
For ever. Amen !

104.

C. M. LUCY E. GUERNSEY

Seeking Strength for Duty.

- 1 JEHOVAH ! by thy covenant
With all thy people made,
We come to ask thee that our hearts
Upon thy truth be stayed.
- 2 Ere entering on the battle-field,
In struggle stern, of life,
We ask thee, for thy glory's sake,
Be with us in the strife.
- 3 O, strengthen thou our purposes
To struggle and to be ;
May all our thoughts, and words, and works,
Be sacred still to thee.
- 4 Give us the force to will, to work,
No suffering to shun,
And by our efforts, Lord of Hosts,
O, let thy will be done.
- 5 When in the dark and lonely night
We watch the coming day,
Be thou our buttress and defence,
Our refuge and our stay.

PRAYERS AND ASPIRATIONS.

- 6 O, help us to be vigilant
Lest foes should enter in,
And teach our eyes to apprehend
The first approach of sin.
- 7 Defend us in the battle hour,
And make our weapons strong
Against thy foes, thy kingdom's foes,
Oppression, sin, and wrong.
- 8 Hold up our hands, confirm our hearts
Show all our duties clear ;
Permit not any single heart
Either to sleep or fear.

IV. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

105.

7 s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

106.

7 s. M.

BARBAULD.

Praise for the Seasons.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand.
Scatters o'er the smiling land, —
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —
- 3 These to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise,
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

107.

7 s. M.

BOWRING.

Lowly Praise.

- 1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises we now raise,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.
- 2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given !
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

108.

7 S. M.

SANDYS.

Harmony of Praise.

- 1 THOU, who sitt'st enthroned above !
'Thou, in whom we live and move !
Thou, who art most great, most high !
God, from all eternity !
- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'T is when tongue and heart consent,
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?
Giver of all good below !
Lord ! from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record :
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

109.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

110.

8 & 7 s. M.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,
Praise him when revived creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers,
Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.

3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

111.

8 & 7 s. M.

Praise the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height,
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

112.

P. M.

PARK.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord !
 Speak good of his name ;
His mercies record,
 His bounties proclaim ;
To God, their Creator,
 Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise !
- 2 By knowledge supreme,
 By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth,
 With gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect
 His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
 Whose love still sustains.
- 3 And man, his last work,
 With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
 By grace is renewed, —
To God, his Creator,
 Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise !

113.

8 s. M.

HOGG.

Glory to God, the Giver and Guard of Life.

- 1 LAUDED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver !

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

- 2 God of evening's yellow ray !
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night.
God of life, that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever !

114.

H. M.

SANDYS

Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 ALL, from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Creator's praise !
Him serve alone ;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before his throne !
- 2 Man drew from man his birth ;
But God his noble frame
(Built of the ruddy earth)
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
By him are led,
Preserved, and fed
With tender care.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Then to His portals press
In your divine resorts ;
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good ! how pure !
His mercies last ;
His promise past
Is ever sure.

115.

7 s. M.

CONDER.

O, give Thanks unto the Lord !

- 1 O, GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade !
Source and Giver of all good, —
Nightly sleep and daily food, —
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours !
- 2 O, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing !
His our warm and sentient frame ;
His the mind's immortal flame.
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care !
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; — but who can
Speak the Father's love to man !
- 4 O, give thanks for him who came,
In a mortal, suffering frame,

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Temple of the Deity ;—
Came to bear our souls on high,
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

116.

L. M.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of peace !
Being whose bounties never cease !
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise !
- 2 Our hamlets, sheltered by thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are ;
Our tillage, by thy blessing, yields
An hundred-fold from ripened fields ;
And flowing grain, and burdened vine,
Are tokens of thy love divine.
- 3 The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to thee ;
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature, by thee are led ;
Secure may trembling age, O Lord !
Lean on its staff, thy holy Word.
- 4 Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love ;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in thee ;
And be thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

117.

L. M.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 My God ! in morning's radiant hour
To thee will I lift up my heart ;
The shades of night obey thy power,
And at thy sun's bright beams depart.
- 2 Father and Guardian ! to thy shrine
The life thou shieldedst will I bring ;
All, great Creator ! all is thine ;
The heart my noblest offering !
- 3 The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise ;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to thee shall raise.
- 4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspirations be ;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee !

118.

7 s. M.

MERRICK.

Praise. Psalm 136.

- 1 LIFT your voice and joyful sing
Praises to our heavenly King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth
Praise him, all of human birth ; —

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll.

4 To the great Eternal King
Raise your voice and joyful sing ;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

119.

8 & 7 s. M.

Thrice Holy.

1 " LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy," singing,
" Lord of hosts, the Lord most high ! "

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite.
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow : —

3 " Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, ' blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high ! ”

120.

7 s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Hymn of Praise.

- 1 HERALDS of creation, cry,
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high !
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
- 4 Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.
- 5 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess,
Him let every being bless.

121.

P. M.

MILTON

Praise to God. Psalm 136.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 3 Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light,
For his mercies, &c.
- 4 And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 5 The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 6 His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 8 All his creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 9 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ;
For his mercies, &c.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

122.

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

- 1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
- 2 We praise the power that made us ;
We praise the love that blesses ;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.
- 3 Life is from thee, blest Father ;
From thee all breathing spirits ;
And thou dost give to all that live
The bliss that each inherits.
- 4 Day, night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.
- 5 And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us, —
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us, —
- 6 O, then, let hope attend us !
Thy peace to us be given !
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven !

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

123.

H. M.

H. WARE, JR

Praise.

- 1 O HOLY, holy Lord, —
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored,
Let all creation sing :
Who wast, and art,
And art to be ; —
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart.
- 2 Great are thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might !
All just and true thy ways,
Thou King of saints in light !
Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love.
- 3 Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy name ?
Thy judgments sent abroad
Thy holiness proclaim ;
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore,
In one loud song.
- 4 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise :

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

124.

8 & 7 s. M.

ROBINSON.

God the Creator.

- 1 MIGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name !
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise ;
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature, —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For created works of power, —
Works with skill and kindness wrought ,
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ; —
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

V. GOD.

125.

L. M. 61.

T MOORE.

God the Life and Light of the World.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas, into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

126.

C. M.

WATTS

God is everywhere.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

127.

8 & 7 s. M.

BOWRING

God is Love.

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;

GOD.

Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

128.

7 s. M.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer :
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

129.

L. M.

BOWRING.

God's sustaining Presence.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be,
But *this* we know, — that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought, —
Since thou, their God, art everywhere.
They cannot be where thou art not.

GOD.

130.

C. M. 6 l.

CONDER.

Presence of God.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there :
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?
- 3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There does his spirit rest :
O, come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

131.

C. M.

THOMSON.

The unceasing Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.

GOD.

- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

132.

L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Goodness of God.

- 1 GOD, thou art good ! Each perfumed flower
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.
- 3 Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.
- 4 The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed ;

GOD.

The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

- 5 The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good ! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

133.

L. M

God our Father.

- 1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?
- 2 Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?
- 3 Art thou my Father ? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try, in every deed and thought,
'To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? — I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father ? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

Divine Goodness.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide-extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffused and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts ;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts !
- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

GOD.

135.

C. P. M.

H. MOORE

God is Love.

- 1 My God ! thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile in every vale.
- 4 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

136.

7 S. M.

BOWRING.

God in all Things.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide ;

GOD.

Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at thy shrine ;
These, — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise,
Daily, to thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, — righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

137.

C. M.

- 1 It was our Heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth ;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.
- 2 He gives us all our parents dear,
Our teachers kind and true ;

GOD.

He bids us all his precepts hear,
And all they teach us do.

3 God sees and hears us all the day
And in the darkest night ;
He views us when we disobey,
And when we act aright.

4 God hears what we are saying now, —
O, what a wondrous thought !
Our Heavenly Father ! teach us how
To love thee as we ought.

138.

7 s. M.

God is Love.

1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers ;
Air, with all its beams and showers ;
Ocean's infinite expanse ;
Heaven's resplendent countenance ; —
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, — God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred, —
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden, — God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the quiet bliss that lies,
All our human sympathies, —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, — God is love.

139.

L. M.

Presence of God.

- 1 God of the ocean, earth, and sky !
 In thy bright presence we rejoice
 We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh,
 We ever hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam ;
 We see thee walk the mountain waves ;
 We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
 And when the midnight tempest raves.
- 3 God on the lonely hills we meet ;
 God, in the valley and the grove ;
 While birds and whispering winds repeat
 That God is there, — that God is love !
- 4 We meet thee in the silent hour,
 When wearied nature sinks to rest ;
 When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower
 And peace is given to every breast.
- 5 We see thee when at eve afar
 We upward lift our wondering sight, —
 We see thee in each glittering star
 That beautifies the gloom of night.
- 6 But better still, and still more clear,
 Thee in the sacred page we see :
 There thy own glorious words we hear,
 And learn the way to heaven and thee.

VI. WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD

140.

C. P. M.

Acknowledgment of God's constant Goodness.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good !
Who giv'st us help, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

- 5 Thus, gracious Father ! thee we praise ;
And, while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart
To bless and love thee more.

141.

L. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS

God seen in All.

- 1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day :
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove, —
A voice is heard of praise and love.

- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul.
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize
Those joys that from thy favor rise !

142.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

The Earth full of the Goodness of God.

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand
A highway for our God ;
He walks amidst the desert-land ;
'T is Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;

In every breeze his spirit blows, —
The breath of life and health.

- 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found !

143.

C. M.

MRS. MILES.

Earth the Shadow of Heaven.

- 1 THE earth, all light and loveliness,
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.
- 2 Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come ?
What shall the unveiled splendor be
Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality !

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

144.

C. M.

WHITTIER

Nature's Worship.

- 1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing ;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee ;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer ;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch ;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

145.

L. M.

ADDISON.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine, —
"The hand that made us is divine."

146.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coast, redundant stores ,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light, and evening shade.

147.

C. M.

Goodness of God in his Works.

- 1 THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There 's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth,
'There 's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

148.

C. M.

Thunder-storm.

- 1 THE thunder bursts ! its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake ;
And in terrific splendor bright
The gathered lightnings break.
- 2 Yet doth not God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high ?
- 3 Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast ;
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
And be with him at last ?

149.

L. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Stars.

- 1 CHILD of the earth, O, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
Behold, and wonder, and adore !
- 2 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world by Him sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.
- 3 Each, shining not for earth alone,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 4 What, then, art thou, O child of clay,
Amidst creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop lost in seas !
- 5 Yet fear thou not ! — the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care.

150.

7 s. M.

HEBER.

Consider the lilies of the field ; — behold the fowls of the air."

- 1 Lo ! the lilies of the field !
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety ;
Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.
- 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children, lest they fall :
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow —
God provideth for the morrow.

151.

C. M.

The Rainbow.

- 1 BEHOLD that arch of varied hue !
From heaven to earth 't is bowed ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud.

- 2 'T was not alone to charm thy sight,
God gave that vision fair ;
Gaze on its beams of azure light,
And read his mercy there.

152.

C. M.

WALLACE

The Creator's Works.

- 1 THERE 's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 2 There 's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 3 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

153.

H. M.

FREEMAN.

Imitation of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

- 1 LORD of the worlds below !
On earth thy glories shine ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD

The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see
A God appears ;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love ;
Wide flush the hills ;
The air is balm :
Devotion's calm
Our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days ;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays ;
And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls ;
But still our souls
In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care,
At morn and noon,
And harvest moon,
Our lips declare.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

5 In winter, awful thou !
With storms around thee cast ,
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast
While tempests lower,
To thee, dread King
We homage bring,
And own thy power.

154.

L. M.

STERLING.

All for Good.

- 1 GREAT God, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !
- 2 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 3 Bestow on every joyous thrill
This deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law !

155.

7 s. M.

Divine Protection.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh ;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare :
They shall be the Father's care ;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep ;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

156.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Changing Seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord !

157.

L. M. ENFIELD'S SELECT.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons.

- 1 GREAT God ! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 O, how delightful 't is to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed !
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy bright perfections shine confessed !
- 4 Indulgent God ! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see, — we taste ; — let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

158.

P. M.

C. T. BROOKS.

Song for all Seasons.

- 1 SPRING is abroad on the new-born earth,
With a smile of joy, and a song of mirth ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

And it sparkles and rings in the morning air : —
“ God’s world, — how fair ! ”

2 And summer comes, with her crown of grace
And a glow of beauty is on her face,
And a whisper of bliss in the noontide air : —
“ God’s world, — how fair ! ”

3 And autumn comes with his harvest train
Of peace and plenty on hill and plain,
And a hum of content in the afternoon air : —
“ God’s world, — how fair ! ”

4 And winter comes in his robes of white,
And the moon sends down from her throne of
light
A silvery sound on the midnight air : —
“ God’s world, — how fair ! ”

159. 8, 6, & 7 s. M.

Spring.

1 THE pleasant spring has come again
Its voice is in the trees ;
It smiles from every sunny glen ;
It whispers in the breeze :
The pretty flowers are springing ;
The gushing founts are free ;
The merry birds are singing ;
And all rejoice with me.

2 The pleasant spring has come again :
O, be my heart renewed !
Nor cold as winter still remain,
But glow with gratitude

To the kind and gracious Power
Whose love I feel and see, —
In whose sight the choicest flower
The child's pure heart will be !

160.

7 & 6 s. M.

Spring.

- 1 THERE cometh o'er the spirit,
With each returning year,
The thought that thou, the Father,
Art ever to us near ;
With hope of life dispelling
The death that winter brought,
And flowers and fruits foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught.
- 2 'T is this which calls thy children
In sweet accord to raise,
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
One general hymn of praise
To thee, the ever-living,
The universal King,
Who never ceasest giving
Each good and perfect thing.
- 3 The streamlet from the mountain, —
It speaketh, Lord, of thee,
As from its snow-capped fountain
It rushes to the sea ;
The gentle dew descending,
And cloud's refreshing shower, —
O God, our Heavenly Father,
All, all proclaim thy power.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

161.

7 s. M.

The God of Spring.

- 1 PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love
Rise from every thing below,
To the mighty One above,
Who his wondrous love doth show :
Praise him, each created thing ! —
God, your Father ! God of spring !
- 2 Praise him, trees so lately bare !
Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers !
All ye creatures of the air,
All ye soft-descending showers,
Praise, with each awakening thing,
Praise your Maker, — God of spring !
- 3 Praise him, man ! — thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part,
Softest mercy, sweetest love, —
Blessing, with each living thing,
God the bounteous, — God of spring !

162.

8 & 7 s. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Early Spring-time.

- 1 HARK ! the little birds are singing :
Winter's gone, and summer's near :
See, the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.
- 2 Who made the winter and the spring ?
Who painted all the flowers ?

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours?

- 3 O, 't is God ! how good he is !
He does every blessing give :
All this happy world is his :
Let us love him while we live.

163.

7 & 6 s. M.

MISS SIMES.

Summer.

- 1 'T is summer, glorious summer !
Look to the glad green earth,
How from her grateful bosom,
The herb and flower spring forth ; —
These are her rich thanksgivings,
The incense floats above !
Father ! what may we offer ?
Thy chosen flower is love !
- 2 'T is summer, blessed summer !
The lofty hills are bright ;
All nature's fountains sparkle, —
Shall ours have lesser light ?
No ! bid each spirit praise him,
Who hangs on every tree
A thousand living lyres,
Awaking harmony !
- 3 'T is summer in our bosoms,
When youthful snares we fly,
And strength and peace are given
By angel ministry.
'T is summer in yon heaven,
Where, teachers, ye shall know,

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

While time shall last, the blessedness
Wrought by your love below.

164.

C. M.

J. RICHARDSON

The Hymn of Summer.

- 1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers !
- 2 The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing ;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.
- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins ? No, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee !

165.

C. P. M.

Summer.

- 1 Go forth, my heart, and seek the bliss
Of such a summer day as this,
Bestowed on all by heaven :
The beauties of the garden see,
Behold ! it is for thee and me
Its glories all are given.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 The trees with whispering leaves are dressed
The earth upon her dusky breast
Her robe of green is wearing;
The flowers are blooming far and wide,
Not Solomon in all his pride
With them would bear comparing.
- 3 The never idle troops of bees
Fly here and there, and where they please
Their honey food are quaffing;
The sap is running up the vine,
Round the old elm its tendrils twine,
And in the sun are laughing.
- 4 And can I, may I, silent be?
When all God's glorious works I see,
My soul desires to know him.
When all are singing, I must sing,
And to the Highest I must bring
The tribute which I owe him.
- 5 Are all things here so bright and fair,
And has He with a loving care
My happy being given?
What, in that glorious world above,
Where all is beauty, all is love, —
What shall I be in heaven?

166.

L. M.

L. H. SIGCURNY.

Harvest.

- 1 God of the year! with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming ;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

- 2 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
Praise, — praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

167.

C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Thanks for Harvest.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew :
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;

WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

168.

7, 6, & 8 s. M.

Winter.

- 1 How deep a sleep hath bound thee !
A snowy shroud is round thee,
O Earth, our mother fair !
Where now are spring's gay flowers,
And summer's golden hours,
And those green robes thou once didst wear ?
- 2 How tranquil are thy slumbers !
No shepherd's tuneful numbers
By vale or stream resound,
Sweet summer-songs are over ;
The swallow — joyous rover —
In all our fields no more is found.
- 3 A Father's hand hath dressed thee
In wintry robes ; so rest thee
Beneath his watchful sight :
Thy wintry slumbers breaking,
We soon shall see thee waking
In radiant robes of lovely light.

VII. EARLY GOODNESS.

169.

C. M.

JONES VERE.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

- 1 THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour, —
Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always, — do it now, —
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

170.

C. M.

Turn to thy Maker.

- 1 TURN to thy Maker, child of earth,
While life is in its spring ;

Turn to thy Maker, while thine heart
 Can purest tribute bring !
 Thine eye with youthful hope is bright ;
 O, lift its light to heaven,
 Ere thou hast tears to dim its glance
 For sins not yet forgiven !

- 2 Turn to thy Maker, child of joy,
 For though thy path be fair,
 Full fast upon thy footstep treads
 The iron heel of care.
 The gorgeous visions of thy breast
 Shall pass, returning never,
 For they are like the meteor-fires,
 That flash and fade for ever !

171.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

“Remember thy Creator.”

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb, —
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy powers employ ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea,
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blest eternity.

172.

C. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

"Remember thy Creator."

- 1 YE joyous ones ! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread ;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.
- 2 Thou tempted one ! just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround :
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower ;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.
- 3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years ;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life,
Eternally serene.

173.

C. M.

LOGAN

Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,

EARLY GOODNESS.

- And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

174.

C. M.

HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

175.

L. M. 61.

E. TAYLOR.

"Remember thy Creator."

- 1 TRULY the light of morn is sweet,
 And sweet it is to see the sun ;
 But cheerful though the hours may fleet,
 And years pass gayly, one by one,
 O, blot not, reckless, from thy mind
 The thought of darker days behind.
- 2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth !
 In all the pride of youth rejoice ;
 And let the beauteous things of earth
 Allure thine eye, invite thy choice ;
 Yet know, for blessings freely given,
 Thine is a large account with Heaven.
- 3 And, O, remember, ere the day,
 The evil day, of grief shall come,
 When all the joy is passed away,
 And naught is left but gathering gloom,—

Remember, ere thy pleasures pall,
Him first, and last, who gave them all.

176.

L. M.

HEBER.

“Why stand ye idle here?”

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
“No longer stand ye idle here!
- 2 “Ye whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are
clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?
- 3 “O, if the griefs ye would assuage,
That wait on life’s declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Master’s business here!”

177.

7 & 6s. M.

S. F. SMITH.

“Remember thy Creator.”

- 1 “REMEMBER thy Creator,”
While youth’s fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age’s night;
While yet the sun shines o’er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 “Remember thy Creator,”
Ere life resigns its trust,

EARLY GOODNESS.

Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear :
He cries, who died to save it,
“ Thy great Creator fear.”

178.

C. M.

WATTS.

Early Piety.

- 1 WHEN we devote our youth to God,
’T is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 ’T is easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 3 ’T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign :
’T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

179.

8 s. M.

Diligence.

IN childhood, the spring-time of life,
The seeds of pure goodness we ’ll sow ;

Then, fast as our years shall increase,
 In knowledge and virtue we 'll grow :
 To do all the good in our power
 Shall be every minute's employ ;
 And then, when our seasons are o'er,
 We 'll reap a rich harvest of joy.

180.

C. M.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name
 And character engraved ;
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
 The sunshine of thy days ;
 And cares and toils, an endless round,
 Encompass all thy ways !
- 4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
 In age will give thee rest ;
 O, then, improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest !

181.

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FROM Him, who is thy guard, thy shield,
 Turn not thy youthful heart away, —
 His favor he will freely yie'd, —
 Then for his mercy ever pray.

EARLY GOODNESS.

O, put thy trust in Him, be blest,
And on his love in safety rest !

- 2 His love will be a shining light,
A light that shall endure for aye,
A guide to thee in sorrow's night,
A sunbeam in thy brightest day :
Then let thy prayers and praise arise
To Him who every want supplies.
- 3 And in the sunshine and the shade
Of life, O, ever turn to Him
Who all things bright and good hath made
Whose eye of love is never dim !
Trust, trust in Him, and never fear, —
A Father kind is ever near.

182.

C. M.

- 1 Now that our journey 's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We 'll come, before we farther run
And give ourselves to God.
- 2 What sorrows may our steps attend
We never can foretell ;
But, since we know God is our friend,
We feel that all is well.
- 3 If all our earthly friends should die,
And leave us mourning here,
Since God will hear the orphan's cry,
O, what have we to fear ?
- 4 Father ! whatever grief or ill
For us may be in store,

EARLY GOODNESS.

Make us submissive to thy will,
And we will ask no more.

183.

7 s. M.

- 1 YOUNG and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now
- 2 In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.
- 3 As the first-fruits of the year
Should be offered to the Lord,
So the first-fruits of the heart
On his altar should be poured.
- 4 Thus the blessing from above
On life's harvest shall be given,
Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
Reaped in joyfulness in heaven.

VIII. INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

184.

P. M.

Love.

- 1 SURELY love is a blessed emotion,
That seeks every heart for its throne,
There to reign in the deepest devotion
To the most sacred joys that are known.
Then love while thy spirit is sighing
For the beautiful, holy, and true,
And believe, whether living or dying,
In its power to save and subdue.
- 2 Love thy friend, love thy foe, and thy neighbour
The suffering, poor, and distressed,
And ever be willing to labor
For the good of thy brother oppressed.
In love to thy Father in heaven,
Whose love to thee, ceaseless, flows on,
Let thy soul's highest powers be given,
And pray that his will may be done.

185.

P. M.

Trust in Man.

- 1 HAVE faith in man, thy brother,
Thy Heavenly Father's child!
And in thy judgment of his heart
Be merciful and mild,

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

As thou wouldst have him in thy sins
Be merciful to thee.

O, trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

2 Have faith in man, thy brother,
Though lowly be his lot !
For by the mighty God in heaven
He never is forgot.

O, then, like God, be good to all,
As God is good to thee ;
And trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

3 Have faith in man, thy brother !
O, let not cold distrust
Nor foul suspicion come between
Thee and thy kindred dust ; —
It will not make his heart more kind,
It will not better thee.
Then trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

4 Have faith in man, thy brother !
O, still to him be kind,
Though malice move his bitter tongue,
And fire his cruel mind.
'T will harm thy soul to injure him,
Although he injures thee.
Then trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

5 Have faith in man, thy brother !
'T will warm the coldest breast,
And melt to love the hardest heart,
By doubt and guilt oppressed ;

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

'T will kindle in the vilest soul
Some spark of purity : —
Then trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

186.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God ! my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

187.

7 s. M.

Christian Love.

- 1 FATHER ! we look up to thee ;
Let us in thy love agree ;
Thou, who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgotten, true, and kind ;
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like thy Son, our blessed Lord.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
Ready, when reviled, to bless ;
Studious of the law of peace.
- 4 Father ! all our souls inspire ;
Fill us with love's sacred fire ;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.
- 5 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide ;
All the depths of love express, —
All the heights of holiness.

188.

7 S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 LORD ! subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our tempers suit,
Be thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings !

189.

L. M.

Our Portion in Life appointed by God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care, — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, subdued be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God ! on thee.

190.

L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Self-Examination. Evening.

- 1 BEFORE I close my eyes to-night,
Let me myself these questions ask, —
Have I endeavoured to do right,
Nor thought my duty was a task ?
- 2 Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard ?
When passion tempted me to speak,
Have I repressed the angry word ?
- 3 Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
What my kind parents bid me do ;
And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true ?
- 4 In hard temptation's troubled hour,
Then have I stopped to think and pray,

That God would give my soul the power
To chase the sinful thought away ?

- 5 O Thou, who seest all my heart,
Wilt thou forgive and love me still !
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do thy will !

191.

9 & 4 s. M.

BOWRING

The Spirit giveth Life.

- 1 'T IS not the gift, but 't is the spirit
With which 't is given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by Heaven.
- 2 'T is not the prayer, however boldly
It strikes the ear ;
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.
- 3 'T is not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine ;
There 's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.
- 4 'T is not the word that sounds the sweetest
That 's soonest heard ;
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred.
- 5 The outward show may be delus' ve, —
A cheating name ;
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

192.

L. M.

SARAH A. ADAMS

Thy Will be done !

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !
- 3 O, ne'er will I at life repine !
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

193.

S. M.

MASON.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

194.

L. M.

DYER.

All Things work for Good.

- 1 WE all, O Father, all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant love we share
- 2 And whether grief oppress the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest ; —
- 3 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer thee.

195.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 My soul, with all thy wakened powers
Survey the immortal prize ;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

196.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Good Resolution.

1 MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

3 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

197.

L. M.

DODDGE

Choice of the Better Part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;

Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

198.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sincerity.

1 God is a Spirit just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

199.

S. M.

J. SCOTT.

Meekness and Candor.

- 1 O, MAY we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind ;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 2 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 3 Lord, give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 4 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

200.

C. P. M.

REV. H. MOORE.

Unfading Beauty.

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.
- 2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay ;

'Their honors time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

201.

C. M.

SMART.

Heavenly Wisdom implored through the Perils of Life.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm
And penetrate my heart ;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

202.

C. P. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

True Wisdom.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O, may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

203.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word ! —
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart ! —
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !

- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

204.

C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN

Resignation.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
 To God, the Holy One,
 With filial love and trust to say,
 " O God, thy will be done ! "
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
 A cure for every ill ;
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
 And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, let that will, which gave me breath,
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.

205.

L. M.

J. SCOTT

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
 No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
 He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,
 Hostile to none, of none afraid.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

206.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 God of my life ! Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find !

207.

L. M.

J SCOTT.

Justice.

- 1 IF high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord ! we humbly claim.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just !

3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all the debt of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

208.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Pious Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love ! what ho y fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire .
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE

209.

S. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Sowing of the Seed.

- 1 THINE, Lord, these heavens on high,
And thine this earth around ;
Thy goodness travels through the sky,
And blossoms from the ground.
- 2 Thine, too, the human soul,
With heights and breadths unknown
The rays and drops at thy control,
And seed and sod thine own.
- 3 But man must watch and toil
For fruits that thrive below, –
And dress and keep that dearer soil,
Whence life or death shall grow.
- 4 Sow in our hearts thy word,
And heavenly influence send ;
And teach us all, as servants, Lord,
To labor and depend.

210.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULT

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadst upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

211.

C. P. M.

COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
Nor need we roam abroad :
The world has little to bestow ;
From well-kept hearts our joys must flow, —
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow ;
The blessings which he sends, enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From whom our comforts flow.
- 3 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given, —

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

This is the wise, the virtuous part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

212.

H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Brotherly Love. Psalm 133.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !
'T is like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.
- 2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cup of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers ;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love !

213.

11 & 10 s. M.

T. MOORE.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray'ng,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and
pure ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

214.

L. M.

J. SCOTT.

The Fear of God.

- 1 GREAT AUTHOR of all nature's frame !
Holy and reverend is thy name !
Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death,
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye,
Are less than nothing, vanity ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name and hear thy word ;
With such thy dwelling is, on those
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.
- 4 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin !
- 5 Never, O, never from my heart
May this great principle depart !

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

But act, with unabating power,
Within me, to my latest hour.

215.

L. M.

Envy.

- 1 WHAT was it made my bosom swell,
When listening to another's praise?
Did I regret he 'd done so well?
And could his worth these feelings raise?
- 2 If I am good, why should I fear,
Though others may deserving prove?
Should commendation be less dear,
Because 't is shared with those I love?
- 3 Far be from me so base a part! —
The struggle past, I now am free;
Envy, begone, and leave this heart!
You shall not find a home with me.

216.

C. M.

HERBERT.

Our Destiny.

- 1 SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou, alas! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose, in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye!
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for ever vie!

Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas ! must die.

- 4 Be wise then, mortal, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying,
The thoughtless child that laughs to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

217.

L. M.

BRYANT

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

218.

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 My God, I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know :
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

219.

7 S. M.

S. F. ADAMS.

Dews and Tears.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 Blessed tears and dews that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven !
Let us still His praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

220.

L. M.

Affliction, God's Angel.

- 1 AFFLICTION'S faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye ;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth ;
Beside the throne of God she stands,
To execute his kind commands.
- 3 The messenger of love, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal, —
"God smites to bless, he wounds to heal !"

221.

L. M.

REV. J. PIERPONT.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 BEHOLD the lily's silken vest,
How finely wove in nature's loom !
No king, in ermined splendor dressed,
Can match its richness or perfume.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 And see, in tracts of desert air,
The feathered people wildly roam ;
God makes their little wants his care,
Hears their weak cry, and guards their home
- 3 If thus he clothes the lily race,
That bud and blossom but to die ;
If thus from heaven, his lofty place,
He heeds the humblest things that fly ;
- 4 Shall doubting man, to fears a prey,
In dark despondence waste his hours ?
Can love's exhaustless source decay ?
Or are we less than birds or flowers ?

222.

C. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

Kindly Judgment.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet !
- 2 Speak gently to the erring ones !
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
- 3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

223.

C. M.

Speak gently.

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
O, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently, — 't is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

224.

C. M.

Kind Words.

- 1 A LITTLE word, in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that 's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower ;
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.
- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring
A heart may heal or break.

225.

7 S. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly.

- 1 SPEAK not harshly ; — much of care
Every human heart must bear ;
Enough of shadows sadly play
Around the very sunniest way ;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears, —
By the griefs of after years, —
By the anguish thou dost know, —
Add not to another's woe.
- 2 Speak not harshly ; — much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within ;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent, —
By the gifts to error lent, —
By the wrong thou didst not shun, —
By the good thou hast not done, —
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man.

226.

14 s. M.

Speak gently to the little Child.

- 1 **SPEAK** gently to the little child, so guileless and so free,
 Who, with a trustful, loving heart, puts confidence in thee.
 Speak not the cold and careless thoughts which time has taught thee well,
 Nor breathe one word, whose bitter tone *distrust* might seem to tell.
- 2 If on that brow there rests a cloud, however light it be,
 Speak loving words, and let him feel he has a friend in thee ;
 And do not send him from thy side, till on his face shall rest
 The joyous look and beaming smile that mark a happy breast.
- 3 O, teach him ! — this should be our aim, — to cheer the aching heart,
 To strive, where thickest darkness reigns, some radiance to impart ; —
 To spread a peaceful, quiet calm, where dwells the noise of strife,
 Thus doing good, and blessing all, to spend the whole of life ; —
- 4 To love, with pure affection deep, all creatures great and small,
 And still a stronger love to bear for Him who made them all.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

Remember 't is no common task that thus to
thee is given, —
To rear a spirit fit to be the habitant of heaven.

227.

7 & 6 s. M.

Gentle Words.

- 1 A YOUNG rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea !
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.
- 2 The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour ;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.
- 3 It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But, O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth !

228.

8 & 7 s. M.

E. COOK.

Angry Words.

- 1 POISON drops of care and sorrow,
 . Bitter poison drops are they !
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Sad memorials of to day.
- 2 Angry words, — O, let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip ;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

229.

8 & 7 s. M.

LONGFELLOW.

Psalm of Life.

- 1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real ! life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 “ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
- 4 Lives of true men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;
- 5 Footprints which perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

230.

8 & 7 s. M.

Life's Work.

- 1 ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty, stern and high.
- 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ,
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.
- 3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.
- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.
- 5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

231.

P. M.

WHITTIER

The Purpose of Life.

- 1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime ?
- 2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching, —
What, and where, is Truth ?
- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend ;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.
- 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin ;
- 5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

232.

P. M.

True Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spon ,
Is not true leisure
One with true toil ?

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 2 Thou that wouldst taste it
Still do thy best ;
Use it, not *waste* it,
Else 't is not rest.
- 3 Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee, all around ?
Only hath *duty*
Such a sight found.
- 4 Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere ;
- 5 'T is the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.
- 6 Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt ;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.
- 7 'T is loving and serving
The highest and *best* ;
'T is onward, unswerving, —
And this is true rest.

233.

L. M.

HENRY WOTTON

A Happy Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
To crave for less, and more obey,
Nor dare with Heaven's high will contend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

234.

C. M.

Effort.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart.
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

235.

7 s. M.

W. Roscoe.

The Golden Rule.

- 1 THUS said Jesus : — “ Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.”
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.
- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown ?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

236.

C. M.

PEABODY

Thy Neighbour.

- 1 WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbour? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour? 'T is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

237.

S. M.

HERBERT

“Do all to the glory of God.”

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee ; —

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause, —
The meanest work divine.

238.

S M.

JOHNS.

Purity.

1 O, know ye not that ye
The temple are of God ?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
Should find a meet abode !

2 Immortal man, keep pure
Thyself, that mystic shrine ;
Let hate of all that 's dark endure,
And love of all divine.

3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
In act by saintly things ;
Like glories through the temple thrown,
From cherub's curtained wings.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

- 4 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show ;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.

239.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Seed-time.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

240.

L. M.

Usefulness.

- 1 How many ways the young may find
To be of use, if so inclined !
How many services perform,
If love is earnest, constant, warm !

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE

- 2 A life that 's spent for self alone
Can never be a useful one ;
The good will ever scorn to be
Inactive in society.
- 3 However trifling what we do,
If a good purpose be in view,
Although we should not have success,
Our motive God will see and bless.

241.

P. M.

Fidelity.

- 1 THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best ;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.
- 2 And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past ;
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,
And, if 't is spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

242.

C. M.

Influence.

- 1 WHAT if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields, —
I 'll tarry in the sky ?

- 2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?
- 3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower ?
- 4 'T is thus the good each child may do,
When many do their best,
Will help to bring within our view
The glory of the blest.

243.

7 & 8 s. M.

BOWRING.

The Path of Safety.

- 1 HE who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent, while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
- 2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.
- 3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.
- 4 Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep, —
Sleep that is o'erwatched by Heaven.

INWARD AND OUTWARD LIFE.

244.

L. M.

Rule of Life.

- 1 My son, be this thy simple plan :
Serve God, and love thy brother man
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power.
- 2 Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may ;
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
“ Fear God, — and know no other fear.”

IX. TIME.

245.

6 s. M.

The New Year.

1 Joy ! joy ! a year is born ;
 A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
 For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
 With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer
 Lead to our higher life.

2 Behold, the fields are white !
 No longer idly stand !
Go forth in love and might ;
 Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
 To prayer and toil be given,
Till man to God draw near,
 And earth become like heaven.

246.

L. M. 8 l.

KNOX

Time.

1 TIME speeds away, — away, — away ;
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflets sear, —

TIME

Drop like the life-blood from our hearts.
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all

2 Time speeds away, — away, — away ;
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, — away, — away ;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he ;
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage
He bears us on, from youth to age ;
'Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

247.

C. M.

GASKELL

A New Year.

1 OUR Father ! through the coming year
We know not what shall be,
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair,

- And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest ;
No fears our trust shall move ;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect love.

248.

C. M.

GASKELL.

Close of the Year.

- 1 O God ! to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wast the gracious source ;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.

TIME.

- 4 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above;
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

249.

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived, — he died"; behold the sum,
The abstract, of the historian's page!
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly; —
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

250.

7 s. M.

The Stream of Life.

- 1 GENTLY glides the stream of life
Oft along the flowery vale,
Or impetuous, down the cliff,
Rushing roars, when storms assail.

TIME.

- 2 'T is an ever-varied flood,
Always rolling to its sea,
Slow or swift, or mild or rude
Tending to eternity.

251.

8 & 11 s. M.

The Worth of Time.

- 1 A MINUTE, — how soon it is flown !
And yet how important it is !
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his ;
And though we may waste them in folly and play
He notices each that we squander away.

- 2 We should not a minute despise,
Although it so quickly is o'er ;
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more ;
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But that precious minute for ever is fled.

- 3 'T is easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife !
But, O, no repentence nor tears
Can bring back one moment of life.
Then wisely improve all of time as it goes,
And life will be happy, and peaceful its close.

252.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Flight of Time.

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw ;

TIME.

Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and swift they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea, —
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid stream are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

X DEATH.

253.

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Gone before.

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to mal
Our faith in goodness strong.

DEATH.

254.

C. M.

DALE.

Death of the Good.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee :
One thought shall check the starting tear ;
It is, that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain :
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again !
- 3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.
- 4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

255.

6 & 4 s. M.

MRS. HEMANS

Funeral Prayer.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine ! —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

DEATH.

2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou !

3 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father Divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

256.

L. M

S. WESLEY.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

1. THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

DEATH

- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine :
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

257.

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

At a Grave.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

258.

8 & 7 s. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Death of a Sister.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber, —
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

DEATH.

- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 't is God that hath bereft us :
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

259.

C. M. BOSTON S. S. H. BOOK

Death of a Scholar.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side :
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we *he* died.
- 2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod ;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 3 May each attend, with willing feet,
The means of knowledge here ;
And wait around thy mercy-seat,
With hope as well as fear.
- 4 Lord, to thy wisdom and thy care
May we resign our days ;
Content to live and serve thee here
Or die and sing thy praise.

DEATH

260.

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Man's Mortality.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And, ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze ;
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

261.

7 & 8 s. M.

BOWRING.

Siste Viator !

- 1 Look *around* thee, — see Decay,
On her wings of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away ; —
See the muse of history weeping
O'er the ruins time hath made,
Strength in dust and ashes laid,
Virtue in oblivion sleeping.
- 2 Look around thee. — beauty's light
Is extinguished, — Death assembles

DEATH.

Youth's gay morn and age's night,
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf :
All, he cries, is vain, is brief ;
And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

3 Look *before* thee, — all the glare,
All the pomp around thee glowing, —
All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty, — all are sped
Towards the ruins of the dead ;
Thither thou and thine are going.

4 Look *above* thee, — there indeed
May thy thoughts repose delighted.
If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes are blighted,
There a stream of comfort flows,
There a sun of splendor glows ;
Wander, then, no more benighted.

5 Look above thee, — ages roll,
Present, past, and future blending :
Earth hath naught to soothe a soul
'Neath affliction's burden bending,
Nothing 'gainst the tempest shock ;
Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
And to heaven his steps are tending.

262.

C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN

Death of the Young.

1 THE young, the lovely, pass away,
Ne'er to be seen again ;

DEATH.

Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay ,
Its blasted trees remain.

2 Full oft, we see the brightest thing
That lifts its head on high
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,
And fade away, and die.

3 And kindly is the lesson given ;
Then dry the falling tear :
They came to raise our hearts to heaven ;
They go to call us there.

263.

7 & 5 s. M.

BOWRING.

Blessed are the Dead.

1 BLESSED, blessed are the dead
In the Lord who die ;
Radiant is the path they tread
Upward to the sky.

2 All their deeds of virtue done,
Deeds of peace and love,
Now are stars of glory strewn,
Lighting them above.

XI. OCCASIONAL.

264.

6 & 4 s. M.

The Going forth of Teachers.

- 1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,
The sweet Ohio smiles,
On bed of sand ;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood
Pour from his hand ;
- 2 Where sleep in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
A buried race ;
There, brother, go and teach ;
From heart to heart shall reach
Thy free and earnest speech
Of heavenly grace.
- 3 Where the tall forest waves
Above those mouldering graves,
God's truth declare ;
While his first temples spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,
The voice of prayer.

OCCASIONAL.

- 4 While rolls the living tide,
Down Alleghany's side,
 Its ceaseless flood ;
Upon the mountains there,
How beautiful appear
The feet of those who bear
 Tidings of good !
- 5 O Thou, whose suns and rains
Upon those mighty plains
 Fall evermore ;
Send down the dews of peace,
The sun of righteousness,
And let thy light increase
 From shore to shore !

265.

P. M.

Rural Excursion.

- 1 IN the green realm of summer, — this pomp of
 the trees,
This oldest of temples, whose chant is the
 breeze,
Whose dome is the sky, whose pavement the
 sod,
Where field, brook, and forest look smiling to
 God, —
 Praise, praise, joyful and free,
Our voices shall lift, Holy Father, to thee !
- 2 Pure, pure as the drops that yon fountain dis-
 tills,
Be our worship of Him, who hath rounded the
 hills ;

And spotless our hearts, as the blue arch above
That bends like a mother its bright brow in
love !

Love, love, gentle and deep,
Our band of companions in harmony keep !

3 As fresh be our spirits as the verdure that lies
On the high swinging branches around us that
rise ; —

As peaceful and cheerful our blameless lives
be,

As the stream that goes singing its way to the
sea !

Peace, peace, lasting and true,
Come Christ's peace, which none but the good
ever knew.

4 Now back from these pleasures and sports of
to-day,

To the pleasures that spring by life's beaten way ;
Refreshed for all duty, and never to roam
From the virtue that opens a heaven in home !

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There 's no place like home, there 's no place
like home.

266.

S. M.

For a Rural Excursion.

1 THE freshly blooming flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,

OCCASIONAL.

The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown ;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.

267.

7 & 6 s. M.

For a Rural Excursion.

1 WITH joy once more we hail thee,
O lovely rural scene !
Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands,
Thy garb of cheerful green !
How pure the crystal fountain !
How clear the purling rills !
How sweet the tufted flowerets,
That blossom on the hills !
Such rich and varied beauty
Our hearts with rapture fills.

2 Here, at the morn's awaking,
The tuneful, gladsome lay,
By nature's chorus chanted,
Salutes the welcome day ;
And 'midst the sun's bright glowing,
Till evening's dewy fall,
In tones of mellow sweetness,
These feathered warblers call

OCCASIONAL.

On human hearts to worship
The common Lord of all

- 3 We love in blest communion
To seek this rural shade,
Where nature's true devotion
To nature's God is paid.
And here, as we are musing,
We think of scenes above,
Where smiles, like those of summer,
No change can e'er remove;
Where music yet more heavenly
Shall chant its notes of love.

268.

L. M.

FLINT.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

- 1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew, —
A vineyard to the Planter dear!
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears, in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,

OCCASIONAL.

Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

269.

C. M.

J. WEISA

For a Summer Festival.

- 1 BENEATH Thy trees to-day we meet,
Amid Thy summer flowers ;
And every heart is blessing yet
These happy, fleeting hours.
- 2 But creeping shades to vespers call,
And timely lore impart,
To make our latest shadows fall
From sunshine in the heart.
- 3 Yes, even so ; the summer leaf,
The summer flowers, declare
Their childlike, chastening belief,
That Thou dost make them fair.
- 4 O, let us cherish nature's creed,
And live and bloom to Thee ;
For only childlike hearts, we read,
Can grace eternity.

270.

G & 4 s. M.

S. F. SMITH

National Hymn.

- 1 My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble, free, —
Thy name, — I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

271.

6 & 4 s. M.

ANONYMOUS

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave !
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 For ner our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies ;
On him we wait ;
Thou who hast heard each sigh
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou for ever nigh ;—
God save the state !

272.

C. M.

ANONYM 1

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

- 1 To Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.
- 2 'T was He who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea ;
'T was He who stayed the tyrant's hand
And set our country free.
- 3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone
To save, protect, and bless.
- 4 Be Thou our nation's strength and shield
In manhood as in youth ;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by Thy truth.

273.

C. M.

WREFOI

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,

OCCASIONAL.

- O hear us for our native land, —
The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion pure and mild
Smile on our Sabbath hours ;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

274.

7 & 6 S. M. CHRISTIAN BALLADS

Our Country.

Now pray we for our country,
Pray that it long may be
The holy and the happy
And the gloriously free !
Who blesseth her is blessed !
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her villages,
Her cottages, and halls.

275.

C. M. 81.

The Pilgrim Mothers.

- 1 Exotic blossoms, brought to grace
Old Plymouth's rocky glen!
Proud mothers of a noble race
Of stern and stalwart men!
Strong was the trust with which ye braved
The dangers of the sea,
And strong the unseen power that saved
The mothers of the free!
- 2 When swiftly o'er the smiling deep
The fragile Mayflower flew,
While stars their solemn watch would keep
On yonder fields of blue, —
Full oft your forms, as slight and fair
As any flower of spring,
Were meekly bowed, in trusting prayer,
To heaven's exalted King.
- 3 Cold was your greeting from the shore,
That seemed in dreams so fair;
The wintry tempest's sullen roar
Sung ye a welcome there;
The Indian peered above the hill,
With wonder in his eye,
The noisy sea-birds answered shrill
The tempest-spirit's cry.
- 4 O Pilgrim Mothers! few the lyres
Your praises to prolong;
Though fame embalms the pilgrim sires,
And trumpets them in song;

OCCASIONAL.

Yet ye were to those hearts of oak
The secret of their might, —
Ye nerved the arm that hurled the stroke
In labor or in fight.

5 The fire of freedom warmed each breast,
Through many a weary day,
Where pillowed soft in dreamy rest
Our infant fathers lay !
Ye taught them, when their simple prayers
Were breathed beside the knee,
The lessons that in after years
Were bulwarks for the free.

6 Ye taught to spurn the tyrant's claim,
And bowed to God alone !
Ye kindled in their breasts the flame
That trembled in your own !
In after years flowed purple gore,
And fields were strewed with dead, —
Firm hands the starry banner bore, —
Aggression trembling fled !

7 O Pilgrim Mothers ! though ye lie
Perchance in groves unknown,
A memory that cannot die
Hath claimed ye for its own ;
A sacredness to that bleak shore
Your dust shall aye impart ;
Your requiem, the ocean's roar,
Your shrine, a nation's heart !

276.

G & 4 S. M.

JOHN DA 19

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 1 SONS of renownèd sires,
Join in harmonious choirs,
Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their reverèd names
Dwell on your tongues.
- 2 From frowning Albion's seat,
See the famèd band retreat,
On ocean tost ;
Blue tumbling billows roar,
By keels scarce ploughed before,
And bear them to this shore
Fettered with frost.
- 3 Columbia, child of heaven,
The best of blessings given
Rest on thy head ;
Beneath thy peaceful skies,
While prosperous tides arise,
Here turn your grateful eyes,
Revere the dead.
- 4 Sons of renownèd sires,
Join in harmonious choirs,
Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims.
Let their reverèd names
Dwell on your tongues.

277.

7, 6, & 8 S. M.

H LAMBERT.

Evening Hymn for a Festival.

- 1 Low sinks the setting sun, the day-beams haste
away,
And twilight spreads around her garb of som-
bre gray ;
Dim shadows gently fall, all objects softly
blending,
And evening's silence tells our festive day is
ending.
Come ! come ! from rock and grove, and
every haunt of play,
We'll sing our vesper hymn, ere daylight
fades away.

- 2 To heaven the sacrifice of grateful hearts we'll
raise,
And offer up to God the incense of our praise ;
The blessings of this day shall prompt the holy
song,
And thanks for mercies past the pleasing theme
prolong.
Sing ! sing a joyous strain ! let every voice
resound,
Till echo catch the notes and murmur back
the sound.

- 3 Our Father's love we'll praise, — that love
whose guiding power
Has led his children here, and blessed each
fleeting hour ;

OCCASIONAL.

Which strews with wreaths of joy each path
where childhood strays,
And twines the dreams of hope around its
coming days.

Praise ! praise his watchful love, that o'er
life's opening hours
Bright hopes and simple joys in rich profu-
sion pours.

4 This scene — these rocks and groves, yon
gently flowing stream —

Shall seem to after years like childhood's bliss-
ful dream ;

If memory of pure joys the grave e'en cannot
sever,

Remembrance of this day shall dwell with us
for ever.

Blest ! blest ! and doubly blest, the joy the
young heart feels !

In memory treasured up, new bliss to age it
yields.

5 The sun has sunk to rest, the day-beam fades
away,

The twilight spreads around a garb of deeper
gray ;

Soft shadows gently fall, and earth and sky
seem blended, —

The stilly night comes on, — our festive day is
ended.

Cease ! cease the vesper song, night bids us
haste away ;

God's blessing now we'll ask, then homeward
wend our way.

OCCASIONAL.

278.

L. M.

C. SPRAGUE

For the Blessing of Schools.

- 1 O THOU, at whose dread name we bend,
To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all, in love descend,
And bless the labors of this day.
- 2 Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
Fixed the proud empire of the free ;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,
And Faith her altars reared to thee.
- 3 Here, too, to guard, through every age
The sacred rights their valor won,
They bade Instruction spread her page,
And send down truth from sire to son.
- 4 Here still, through all succeeding time,
Their stores may truth and learning bring
And still the anthem-note sublime
To thee from children's children sing

279.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

National Anniversaries

- 1 O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day !
- 2 When from each temple of the free
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

OCCASIONAL.

3 Sweet peace is here ; and hope and love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

4 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of thy love shall hear, —

5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

280.

C. M.

C SPRAGUE.

The Pilgrims.

1 OUR fathers, Lord, to seek a spot
Where they might kneel to thee,
Their own fair heritage forgot,
And braved an unknown sea.

2 Here found their pilgrim souls repose,
Where long the heathen roved ;
And here their humble anthems rose
To bless the Power they loved.

3 They sleep in dust, — but where they trod,
A feeble, fainting band,
Glad millions catch the strain, O God,
And sound it through the land.

OCCASIONAL.

281.

L. M.

W. P. LUNT

The Altar and the School.

- 1 WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.
- 2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared ;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.
- 3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.
- 4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For thou who wast our fathers' friend
Wilt make their offspring still thy care.

282.

H. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

Going forth to teach

- 1 Now, Lord, we part awhile ;
But, still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear a heaven about us still.
- 2 O, let us then go on
In all the pleasant ways ;

OCCASIONAL

And, armed with patience, run
With joy the appointed race ·
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more, —
In the new earth and heaven above,
The world of righteousness and love.

283.

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

- 1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
- 2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ,
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea !

OCCASIONAL.

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home.

4 What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

XII. MISCELLANEOUS.

284.

S M.

JOHNS

Human Brotherhood.

1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call !
Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
Are we not brothers all ?

2 Want, from the wretch depart !
Chains, from the captive fall !
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart, —
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall !
Let love each harsher feeling drown,
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

285.

6 & 4 s. M. M. H. WETHERBEE.

Love.

1 God's spirit smiles in flowers
And in soft summer showers
He sends his love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Each dew-drop speaks his praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all their lucid rays,
Light from above.

2 The tiny vines that creep
Along the ravine's steep,
Obey *His* nod.
The golden orb of day,
And ocean's crested spray,
To Him due homage pay, —
Creation's God.

3 Thus friendship wears its bloom,
And smiles beyond the tomb,
In its own light.
O, may that love be ours,
Which gilds life's darkest hours,
Cheering, like smiling flowers,
Hope's deepest night.

286.

C. M.

Music of the Soul.

1 THERE 's music, music everywhere,
Within the conch-shell's lip,
And in the sweet blue harebell, where
The bees and humbirds sip ; —

2 There 's music in the bursting buds,
The sunny buds of spring,
When rising sap beneath the bark
New life seems gathering ; —

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 And when the bending, waving grass
Sounds like the distant sea,
As gentle breezes o'er it pass,
Sighing half noiselessly ; —
- 4 And in the bounding rivulet,
Which rushes down the hill :
Or when it winds beneath the sod,
And mortals think it still ; —
- 5 There 's music in the wild wave's roar,
The mighty sounding deep ;
And music when the storm is o'er,
And ocean sinks to sleep ; —
- 6 Music, sweet music, with the birds,
The happy living things ;
And sportive insects fluttering
Shake music from their wings ; —
- 7 There is music, *unheard* music,
In the falling of the snow ;
Each silent thing in nature
Doth some sweet music know ; —
- 8 There 's music, music everywhere, —
Above, below, around ;
In earth, air, water, day and night,
Its heaven-born strains abound.
- 9 Beauty is music to the eye,
As love is to the heart ;
Children ! is there no music for
Our holier, better part ?

MISCELLANEOUS.

287.

8 & 7 s. M.

The Bright Hour.

- 1 DEWY honeysuckles springing,
Roses, too, with flowers crowned,
Round the open window clinging,
Spread delicious odors round.
- 2 Waking thus, with Hope before me,
(Bright her fairy visions shine,)
Flowery perfumes wafted o'er me,
Surely happiness is mine.
- 3 Youth and rosy health possessing,
Pleasures thronging round my way,
Let me rise and ask a blessing
On the duties of the day.

288.

7 & 6 s. M.

Light for All.

- 1 THE light pours down from heaven ,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day
- 2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.
- 3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light, —

5 Till earth become God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

289.

C. M.

R. NICOLL.

Honor to True Heroes.

1 AN offering at the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free.

2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame, which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chains,
And bade the world go free !

290.

C. M.

Kindness to Animals.

- 1 TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside
Nor crush that helpless worm ,
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.
- 2 The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
- 3 The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
- 4 Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
O, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

291.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By Providence divine ;
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,
 " My Gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its power,
 And bear it down
 To millions more."

292.

C. P. M.

REV. H. MOORE

Unrivalled Beauty and Glory of Religion.

1 SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
 The welcome promise of the spring,
 And soft the vernal gale ;
 Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
 The voice of nature and of love,
 That gladden every vale :

2 But softer in the mourner's ear
 Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
 That whispers sins forgiven ;
 And sweeter far the music swells,
 When to the raptured soul she tells
 Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground,
And groves and gardens blooming round
Unnumbered charms unfold ;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold :

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

293.

L. M.

God is there.

- 1 IN life's gay spring, enchanting hours !
When every path seems decked with flowers,
When Folly in her giddy round
Presents the cup with pleasure crowned ;
When love and joy and young delight
Give to the moments rapid flight ;
Touch not the cup, avoid the snare :
Where'er thou art, think God is there.
- 2 When manhood treads with step secure,
Then mad Ambition throws her lure ;
Behold ! up Glory's dangerous steep,
Where widows mourn and orphans weep
And laurels on the hero's head
Are stained with blood, a crimson red ;
Then, e'er the battle's rage you dare,
Pause, and reflect that God is there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 When age approaching warps the heart,
And avarice plays its niggard part ;
When self-love every passion stills,
And every finer impulse chills ,
When to a suffering brother's cry
It shuts the heart, the ear, the eye,
Think, e'er you leave him to despair,
God will avenge, for God is there.
- 4 And thou, who through life's thorny road,
Perplexed by care and sin, hast trod ;
Whose heart hath bled, whose eyes have wept,
On pleasure's couch while others slept ;
Though now on life's remotest brink,
Poor humble Christian ! do not shrink ;
Though deep the flood, each doubt forbear !
Strong to support, thy God is there !

294.

P. M.

LOWELL.

The Fountain.

- 1 INTO the sunshine, full of the light,
Leaping and flashing from morn till night ;
- 2 Into the moonlight, whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like when the winds blow ;
- 3 Into the starlight rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight, happy by day ;
- 4 Ever in motion, blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward, never weary , —
- 5 Glad of all weathers, still seeming best,
Upward or downward, motion thy rest ; —

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 6 Full of a nature nothing can tame,
Changed every moment, ever the same ; —
- 7 Ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine thy element ; —
- 8 Glorious Fountain ! let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant, upward, like thee

295.

L. M.

WORDSWORTH.

Noon.

- 1 UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn ;
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
- 2 Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide ;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.
- 3 Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run :
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 4 Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.
- 5 Help with thy grace, through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

296.

10 S. M.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

The Soul's Aspiring.

- 1 AT first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly
things;
Then flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.
- 2 Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.
- 3 For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish when he had wealth?
Or having wisdom was not vexed in mind?
- 4 So when the soul finds here no true content,
And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

297.

S. M.

MRS. HOWITT.

He is risen.

- 1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!
- 2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemèd win:
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime !
Awake to love, which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time !

4 Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears .
And be thou glad exceedingly, —
Thou, who hast done with tears.

5 Ascend ! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth ;
The living God hath touched thy lips
Thou who hast done with earth !

298.

10s. M. SIR JOHN DAVIES

The Soul's Worth.

- 1 O IGNORANT, poor man ! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast !
What jewels and what riches hast thou there !
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest !
- 2 Think of thy soul, and think that God did
mean
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;
Blot not her beauty with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonor with thy passion base.
- 3 Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ,
Mar not her sense with sensuality ;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things ;
Make not her free will slave to vanity.

- 4 Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name,
 Use all your powers that blessed Power to praise
 That gives the power to be, and use the
 same.

299.

P. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

The River.

- 1 "Flow on, thou shining river,"
 Flow gaily to the sea,
 Flow on in beauty ever,
 With all thy melody.
 Where has thy gentle current strayed?
 Teach all thy joyous tale to me;
 Let it flow on through light and shade;
 My song shall follow thee.
- 2 Through meadows now meander
 With graceful, sweet delay;
 And now through green woods wander,
 Where scarcely peeps the day:
 Now, where the lofty bank hangs o'er,
 Pursue thy wild, romantic way;
 Down the steep rocks now swiftly pour,
 Like time, that cannot stay.
- 3 Its murmurs now increasing,
 On thy glad current goes;
 And now, with roar unceasing,
 The rapid torrent flows;
 And now, all tossed in feathery foam,
 Sparkling with rainbow light it glows
 It seems impatient for its home,
 And hastening to repose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 Flow on, thou shining river,
Thou soon shalt reach the sea ;
Thus we are passing ever,
And haste away like thee.
Wave after wave, in ceaseless flow,
Moves onward to eternity ;
O, may the stream thy gladness know,
And thy sweet melody.

300.

L. M.

NORTON.

A Winter Morning.

- 1 'T is winter's jubilee ! — this day
Its stores their countless treasures yield :
See how the diamond glances play,
In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.
- 2 A shower of gems is strewed around ;
The flowers of winter, rich and rare ;
Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,
The topaz, emerald, all are there.
- 3 The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
His powerless splendor round us streams ;
From crusted boughs, and twinkling sprays,
Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.
- 4 With more than summer beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown ;
What a rich halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown.
- 5 O God of nature ! with what might
Of beauty, showered on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright
Earth's wanderer all thy love to know.

MISCELLANEOUS.

301.

L. M. HERBERT KNOWLES

Forgive thy Foes.

- 1 FORGIVE thy foes ; — nor that alone ;
 Their evil deeds with good repay ;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
- 2 So does the fragrant sandal * bow,
 In meek forgiveness, to its doom ;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

302.

L. M.

MRS. TIGHE.

The Lily an Emblem of Christian Hope.

- 1 How withered, faded, seems the form
 Of yon obscure, unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of winter's storm
 It hides secure the precious fruit.
- 2 The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty, in the scaly folds ;
Nor see, within the dark embrace,
 What latent loveliness it holds.
- 3 Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
- 4 And thou, O virgin queen of spring,
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,

* An aromatic tree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, thy perfume shed :

5 Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied, from their darksome grave ;
And thy soft petals, silvery light,
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

6 So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie ;
And bids her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

7 And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom ;
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

303.

L. M.

The Setting Sun.

1 THAT setting sun ! that setting sun !
What scenes, since first its race begun,
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.

2 That setting sun ! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, according thought sublime,
In every age, and every clime !

3 'T is sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when the obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious, like thee, sweet setting sun.

304.

L. M. 61.

J. BOWRING

Hymn.

1 THE heavens, O Lord ! thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back thy name ;
Ten thousand voices speak thy might ;
And day to day, and night to night,
Utter thy praise, — thou Lord above !
Thy praise, thy glory, and thy love.

2 All things I see, or hear, or feel,
Thy wisdom, goodness, power, reveal.
The silent crescent hung on high,
So calmly sailing through the sky ;
The lowliest flower that lights the dells ;
The lightest wave the stream that swells ;

3 The breeze that o'er the garden plays ;
The farthest planet's glimmering rays ;
The dew upon the distant hill ;
The vapors that the valley fill ;
The grove's untutored harmony, —
All speak, and loudly speak, of Thee.

4 Thy name, thy glories, they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe ;
Sense of all sense, and soul of soul,
Naught is too vast for thy control ;
The meanest and the mightiest share
Alike thy kindness and thy care.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 Beneath thy all-directing nod,
Both worlds and worms are equal, God !
Thy hand the comet's orbit drew,
And lighted yonder glowworm, too ;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snowdrop's silver cup.
- 6 And nature, with its countless throng,
And sun, and moon, and planet's song,
And every flower that light receives,
And every dew that tips the leaves,
And every murmur of the sea,
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

305.

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Better Land.

- 1 " I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! O, where is that radiant shore ? —
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ? —
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-
boughs ? " —
" Not there, not there, my child ! "
- 2 " Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ? —
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas ?
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? " —
" Not there, not there, my child ! "
- 3 " Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the cora-
strand ?

Is it there, sweet mother ! that better land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child !

- 1 “ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom .
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb, —
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

306.

6 & 4 s. M.

God save the Plough !

- 1 SEE how the shining share
Maketh Earth's bosom fair,
Crowning her brow !
Bread in its furrow springs,
Treasures unknown to kings : —
God save the plough !

- 2 Look to the warrior's blade,
While o'er the tented glade
Hate breathes his vow ;
Strife its unsheathing wakes,
Love at its lightning quakes,
Weeping and woe it makes : —
God save the plough !

3 Ships o'er the deep may ride,
 Storms wreck their bannered pride,
 Waves whelm their prow ;
 But the well-loaded wain
 Garners the golden grain,
 Gladdening the household train : —
 God save the plough !

4 Who are the truly great ?
 Minions of pomp and state,
 Where the crowd bow ?
 Give us hard hands and free,
 Culturers of field and tree,
 Best friends of Liberty : —
 God save the plough !

307.

C. M.

ROBERT NICOLL

Honor all Men.

- 1 I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
 That on the earth doth crawl ;
 The slave who dares not burst his chain,
 The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
 The widowed mother mourn,
 Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
 I cannot, dare not scorn.
- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky
 Of beauty hath a share ;
 The blackest heart hath signs to tell
 That God still lingers there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

308.

7 s. M.

BEAUMONT

Hope.

- 1 HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.
- 2 Hope is comfort in distress ,
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;
Hope is day in darkest night.
- 3 Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust, — and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

309.

8 & 4 s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground, —
- 2 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.
- 3 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

310.

C. M.

The Laborer.

THE laborer, the laborer,
God's nobleman is he, —
His works are graven on the soil,
They float on every sea ;
The key-stone in the social arch,
Utility his crest,
His days are spent in manly toil,
His nights yield balmy rest.

311.

C. M.

Sleep.

- 1 " HE giveth his beloved sleep,"
That most mysterious thing,
That to the worn and weary heart
Forgetfulness can bring ;
That cometh to the mourning one,
By many griefs oppressed,
And speaketh in its dreamy voice
Of heaven and hope and rest.
- 2 It visiteth the desolate,
Who hath no friend beside,
And bringeth peace to saddened souls,
Whose hope deferred had died ;
It layeth its caressing hand
Upon the brow of care,
And calleth back to faded lips
The smile they used to wear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 And lovely is the angel light
Of a little child's repose,
The holiest and sweetest rest
Our human nature knows ; —
Such rest as cannot close the eyes,
Grown old with many tears,
That never soothes the pilgrim path
Of life's dejected years.
- 4 " He giveth his beloved sleep " ; —
All thanks for such a boon !
And thanks, too, for the deeper sleep
That shall be with us soon ; —
From which our long o'erladen hearts
Shall wake to pine no more,
But find fulfilled the fairest thoughts
They only dreamed before.

312.

P. M.

Peace.

- 1 THOU art beautiful, O Peace !
Thou com'st like summer beams,
Like the glad golden horn
Of Plenty on her dreams.
Lift up thy holy voice, —
It may not be in vain ;
The earth's bright page, the golden age,
May glad the world again.
Let us love, — love on !
- 2 Thou art beautiful, O Peace !
Earth spreads a teeming store,

With brighter hopes of heaven ;
 Vain man, what would ye more ?
 Away with wasting war,
 Away with ruffian might ;
 A brother's hand, without a brand,
 Can guard a brother's right !
 Let us love, — love on !

3 Thou art beautiful, O Peace !
 Each living scene we see
 All pant for love's embrace,
 All sigh for harmony !
 The glorious, glorious sun,
 Each heaven-lighted star,
 And every flower, in fragrant bower,
 Cries out, " No war ! no war ! "
 Let us love, — love on !

4 Thou art beautiful, O Peace !
 Thy bright ideas bring
 Girls with rosy garlands,
 Birds with golden wings,
 Bees with honey treasures,
 Lambkins crowned with flowers,
 The breath of May, the roundelay
 Of joy in summer bowers.
 Let us love, — love on !

5 Thou art beautiful, O Peace !
 The hour is coming fast
 When the earth no more shall **start**
 At the war-trumpet's blast,
 When every man shall sit
 Beneath his own fig-tree,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Content in mind that all mankind
Are brothers, — let it be !
Let us love, — love on !

313.

L. M.

WHITT ER.

Massachusetts.

- 1 THE South-land hath its fields of cane,
The prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On crowded marts and sands of gold.
- 2 Rough, bleak, and cold, our little State
Is hard of soil, of limits strait.
Her yellow sands are sands alone ;
Her only mines are ice and stone.
- 3 From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain ;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer-time is all too brief.
- 4 But on her rocks, and on her sands,
And stormy hills, the school-house stands ;
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.
- 5 The treasures of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health
And more to her than gold or grain
Are cunning hand and cultured brain.
- 6 For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Plymouth rock ;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light, the good old cause !

314.

C. M.

MARY HOWITT.

Flowers.

- 1 God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
- 2 We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.
- 3 Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ; —
- 4 Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?
- 5 Our outward life requires them not, —
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ; —
- 6 To comfort man, — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

315.

11 s. M.

The Mind a Garden.

- 1 THE mind is a garden, and youth's sunny morn
The season for planting ; the rose and the thorn
Will spring up together ; then let us take care
That none but the sweetest of roses grow there.
- 2 If seeds of deception, of envy and strife,
Are suffered to grow in the spring-time of life,
When the autumn of age chills the breath of
the air,
We must gather the fruits in grief and despair.
- 3 But let us be wise, and pluck up by the roots
All poisonous plants, ere we taste of their fruits ;
And rear in their stead such as nature designed,
To improve, and adorn, and embellish the mind.
- 4 When the sun, that has cheered us in life's
early days,
Withdraws from the garden the light of his rays,
From the flowers, as they wither, O, may there
arise
A grateful perfume, that shall reach to the skies

316.

C. M.

Beauty in Nature.

- 1 THE beautiful ! the beautiful !
Where do we find it not ?
It is an all-pervading grace,
And lighteth every spot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 It sparkles on the ocean wave,
It glitters on the dew ;
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the floweret's hue.

3 On mountain-top, in valley deep,
We find its presence there ;
The beautiful ! the beautiful !
It liveth everywhere.

4 If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our present home,
How beautiful, how beautiful
Will be the world to come !

317.

L. M.

NORTON.

After a Summer Shower.

1 THE rain is o'er ; — how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky !

2 In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

3 The sun breaks forth ; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

4 Now gaze on Nature : yet the same —
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely — as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 Hear the rich music of that voice
Which sounds from all below, above :
God calls his children to rejoice,
And round them throws his arms of love.

318.

6 & 4 s. M.

On the Sudden Snow.

- 1 How beautiful the sight,
This robe of spotless white
O'er nature flung !
On every bush and tree
Its pearly folds we see,
In beauty hung.
- 2 To bless this winter day,
And clothe in fit array,
It fell from heaven ;
To make men think of God,
And his own blest abode,
The sight was given.
- 3 God doth in nature show
His love, e'en here below,
Each passing hour,
And with his children plead ;
O, may we ever heed,
And feel its power !
- 4 Soon will he change the scene,
And with a sudden green
The earth surprise ;
Earth, too, his dwelling is ;
All that we see is his,
The Good and Wise.

319.

7 & 6 s. M.

The Way-side Well.

- 1 O THE pretty way-side well,
Wreathed about with roses,
Where, beguiled with soothing spell,
Weary foot reposes.
- 2 With a welcome fresh and green
Wave thy border grasses,
By the dusty traveller seen,
Sighing as he passes.
- 3 Thou from parching lip dost earn
Many a murmured blessing ;
And enjoyest in thy turn
Innocent caressing.
- 4 Mortals love thy crystal cup ,
Nature seems to pet thee ;
Seething Summer's fiery lip
Hath no power to fret thee.
- 5 To thy glass the Star of Eve
Shyly dares to bend her ;
Matron Moon thy depths receive,
Globed in mellow splendor.
- 6 Bounteous spring ! for ever own
Undisturbed thy station, —
Not to thirsty lips alone
Serving mild donation.
- 7 Never come the newt or frog,
Pebble thrown in malice,
Mud, or withered leaves, to clog
Or defile thy chalice ; —

MISCELLANEOUS.

8 Heaven be still within thy ken,
Through the veil thou wearest, —
Glimpsing clearest, as with men,
When the boughs are barest !

320.

L. M.

A Pleasant Day.

- 1 THE clear blue sky looks full of love ;
Let all our selfish passions cease ;
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace
- 2 If we have done another wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven !
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to heaven.
- 3 This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy ?
- 4 O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin !
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

321.

8 & 7 s. M.

The Ocean.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,
Wild, majestic, foaming, free,
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity !

- 2 Such thou art, stupendous ocean !
 But, if overwhelmed by thee,
 Can we think, without emotion,
 What must thy Creator be ?

322.

C. M.

Music of Nature.

- 1 THERE 's music in the midnight breeze,
 There 's music in the morn ;
 The day-beam and the gentle eve
 Sweet sounds have ever borne ;
 The valley hath its welcome notes,
 The grove its tuneful throng,
 And ocean's mighty caverns teem
 With nature's endless song.
- 2 The winds that sweep the mountain-top
 Their joyous echoes bear ;
 Young zephyrs on the streamlet play,
 And make sweet music there ;
 With rustling sound the forest-leaves
 Bend to the passing breeze ;
 And pleasant is the busy hum
 Of flower-seeking bees.
- 3 The heart, too, hath its thrilling chords,
 A consecrated fount,
 From which inspiring melodies
 To heaven in gladness mount.
 Why Nature's music, — but that man
 May join the myriad throng
 Of all her glorious works in one
 Harmonious burst of song ?

MISCELLANEOUS.

323.

L. M.

The Daisy.

- 1 LIKE to the modest, tender flower,
That lifts its unassuming head,
And, stooping to the cold wind's power
Sinks gently to its humble bed :
- 2 Like the sweet daisy of the hills,
Unknown but to the birds of spring,
That bends its slender stalk, and fills
With dew its buds just blossoming :
- 3 Thus meek and lowly may we bend,
Submissive to our Father's will ;
Thus may the dews of heaven descend,
With grace and truth our hearts to fill.

324.

5, 7, & 4 s. M.

The Aurora Borealis.

- 1 SEE the Northern Light !
To the zenith of the skies
How the glowing columns rise,
Brightly gleaming
Through the veil of night !
- 2 See the Northern Light !
See the dark cloud round the base !
Brilliant streaks from place to place
Ever changing, —
Now 't is dim, now bright.
- 3 See the Northern Light !
Like the dawning day it shines,
Shooting stream with stream combines,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brightly gleaming
Through the veil of night.

- 4 See the Northern Light !
Plainly telling He is great
Who did all its beams create,
Never changing,
Source of life and light.

325.

8 & 7 s. M.

The Snowdrop.

- 1 WINTER lingers in the bowers,
Birds are locked in slumbers deep ;
Tell me, snowdrops, modest flowers,
Who thus early breaks your sleep ?
- 2 Long before the snow is running,
Melted in the mountain stream,
Tender forms ! I see you sunning
In a cold and cheerless beam.
- 3 And your lily lips do quiver,
Whispering, " We are children too
Bloom to praise the gracious Giver,
Wither, die, and bloom anew.
- 4 " 'T was a Father's care arrayed us
In the pure and snowy white ;
'T was a Father's kindness made us
Bloom so innocent and bright."
- 5 Child, be innocence thy beauty,
Strive in purity to shine ;
So, when ends thy course of duty,
Heavenly glory shall be thine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

326.

7 & 6 s. M.

Stars and Streams.

- 1 SEE how calmly star and star
Through the heavens are wheeling
As we view them near or far,
Harmony revealing !
- 2 See how calmly o'er the green
Silvery streams are flowing !
Imaged there the stars are seen,
Brightly, calmly glowing.
- 3 Earth and heaven send forth a voice .
“ Now be discord ended,
Live in peace, in love rejoice,
Heart and heart be blended.”
- 4 So our life shall gently pass,
Like the peaceful river, —
And then, like the stars, at last,
We shall shine for ever.

327.

8 & 7 s. M.

The Violet.

- 1 SWEET flower, spring's earliest, loveliest gem !
While other flowers are sleeping,
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem,
From thy seclusion peeping.
- 2 Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatter'st thy modest fragrance round,
And children seek and love thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Thine is a short, swift reign, I know ;
But here, the spot pervading,
New violet-tufts again shall blow,
Then fade as thou art fading, —
- 4 And be renewed. The hope how blest. —
May it desert me never ! —
Like thee, to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake and bloom for ever !

328.

7 & 8 s. M.

The Strawberry.

- 1 IN the thick and grassy wood,
Where the sunny streaks are breaking,
And the birds their songs are waking,
Where the fragrant flowers repose,
There the pretty strawberry grows.
- 2 Tell me, strawberry, fresh and sweet,
Who made all your red so shining,
Like the crimson sun declining ?
And who gave your pleasant smell ?
Tell me, pretty strawberry, tell.
- 3 It was God who made you so ;
He your lively color brightens,
He your charming odor heightens ;
Humble vines and lofty wood
Ever tell us, " God is good "

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